



Also A NEW MYSTERY featuring **POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN



10c

# Detective COMICS

NO. 195 MAY

FROM OUT OF THE  
PAST, A STRANGER  
CAME TO SHOCK  
GOTHAM CITY,  
CLAIMING HE WAS--

**"THE  
Original  
BATMAN!"**

LOOK,  
BATMAN! THAT  
MAN'S WEARING  
YOUR COSTUME!  
HE'S AN  
IMPOSTOR!

NO, ROBIN,  
HE HAS A RIGHT  
TO WEAR THAT  
UNIFORM!





# BULLY

gets tips on

# CHOOSING A PROFESSION!

HI, DANNY. COMING TO OUR MEETING LATER? JIM HALLEY'S GOING TO TALK TO US ABOUT SELECTING A CAREER.

AW, WHAT DOES HE KNOW? ALL HE DOES IS SIT AND TALK TO A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET ALONG.

WHAT'S HE DONE FOR MY BIG BROTHER? MIKE USED TO LOAF AROUND AND DRAW PICTURES ALL THE TIME. NOW, SINCE THAT GUY, HALLEY, STARTED COMING AROUND, HE DOESN'T DO *ANYTHING*! I HAVEN'T EVEN *SEEN* MUCH OF HIM RECENTLY!

MAYBE THERE'S A REASON FOR THAT, DANNY...

MIKE!

I'VE BEEN BUSY TAKING COURSES IN DRAFTSMANSHIP--THANKS TO JIM'S HELP. HE PUT ME WISE TO A LOT OF THINGS--MOSTLY ON HOW TO HELP MYSELF. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE MY DRAWING STARTS PAYING OFF!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT JIM AND THE KIND OF WORK HE DOES. EVERYBODY NEEDS HELP SOMETIMES--AND SOMEBODY HAS TO *KNOW* HOW TO HELP PEOPLE WITHOUT BLAMING THEM FOR THE JAMS THEY GET INTO OR THE WAY THEY ACT.

YEAH, I GUESS SO. WELL, MAYBE I'LL GO WITH YOU TO THAT MEETING, BUZZY...

LATER...

YOU'VE TOLD US ABOUT DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS, MR. HALLEY. HOW ABOUT YOUR OWN PROFESSION--COMMUNITY WELFARE WORK?

IT'S A PRETTY GOOD BET, DANNY. THE FIELD IS WIDE OPEN. THERE'S GOING TO BE A SHORTAGE OF SOCIAL WORKERS FOR YEARS--AND YOU HAVE A BIG CHOICE OF IMPORTANT JOBS.

YOU CAN HELP KIDS OR FAMILIES OR OLD PEOPLE OR SICK PEOPLE. YOU CAN RUN CAMPS OR RECREATION CENTERS. YOU CAN DO RESEARCH OR HELP TOWNS PLAN FOR BETTER THINGS. IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE INTERESTED IN!

IF YOU LIKE PEOPLE AND WANT TO HELP LICK SOME OF TODAY'S BIG PROBLEMS, THERE MAY BE A CAREER IN SOCIAL WORK FOR YOU. GET IN TOUCH WITH A SOCIAL AGENCY IN YOUR TOWN ABOUT A *VOLUNTEER* JOB THAT COULD HELP YOU DECIDE. THERE'S A LOT OF SATISFACTION IN HELPING PEOPLE AND TOWNS AND EVEN COUNTRIES TO HELP THEMSELVES!

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.



# BATMAN

With  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

"THERE'S ONLY ONE **BATMAN!**" THAT'S WHAT THE CITIZENS OF GOTHAM CITY HAVE SAID FOR YEARS OF THEIR CAPED CHAMPION WHO HAS PROTECTED THEM FROM CROOKS AND CRIMES! YES, THE EERIE FIGURE OF **BATMAN**, STRIKING WITH HIS BRILLIANT BOY PARTNER **ROBIN**, AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD, HAS BEEN UNIQUE AND UNMISTAKABLE! BUT IMAGINE THE CONSTERNATION OF THE CITY WHEN IT LEARNS THAT **BATMAN** HAS NO RIGHT TO HIS NAME AND CAREER, BECAUSE HE IS ONLY AN IMITATION OF...

*The*  
**ORIGINAL  
BATMAN**

NO, YOU CAN'T LEGALLY GO AFTER THAT BANDIT... THE **ORIGINAL BATMAN** IS NABBIN' HIM!

**Elite  
JEWELS**

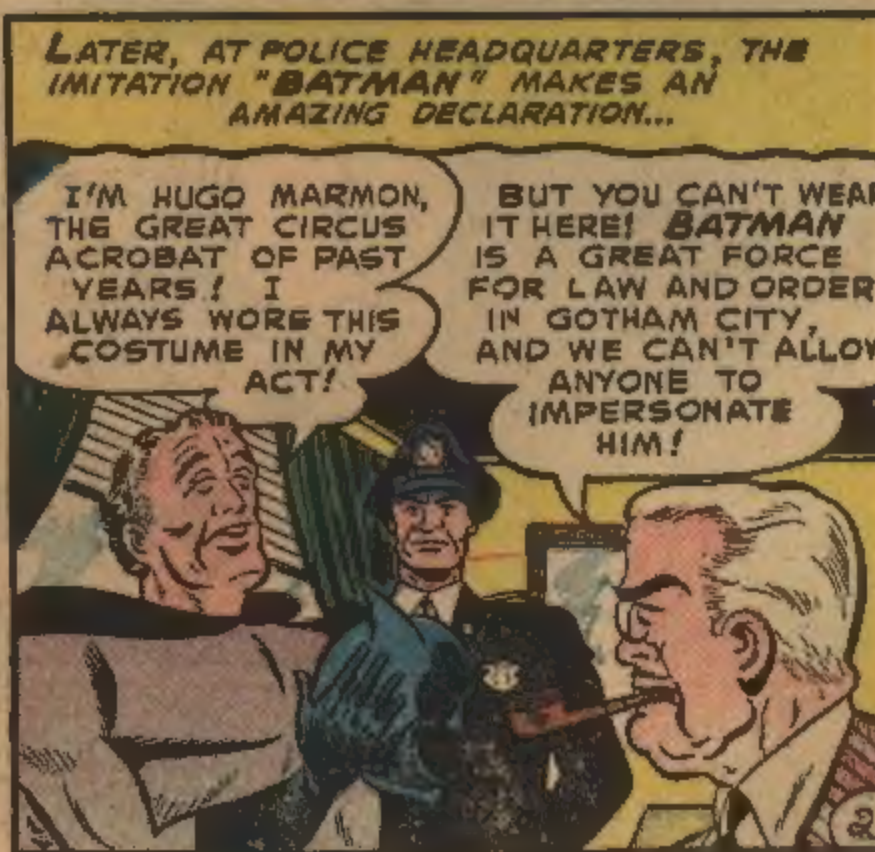
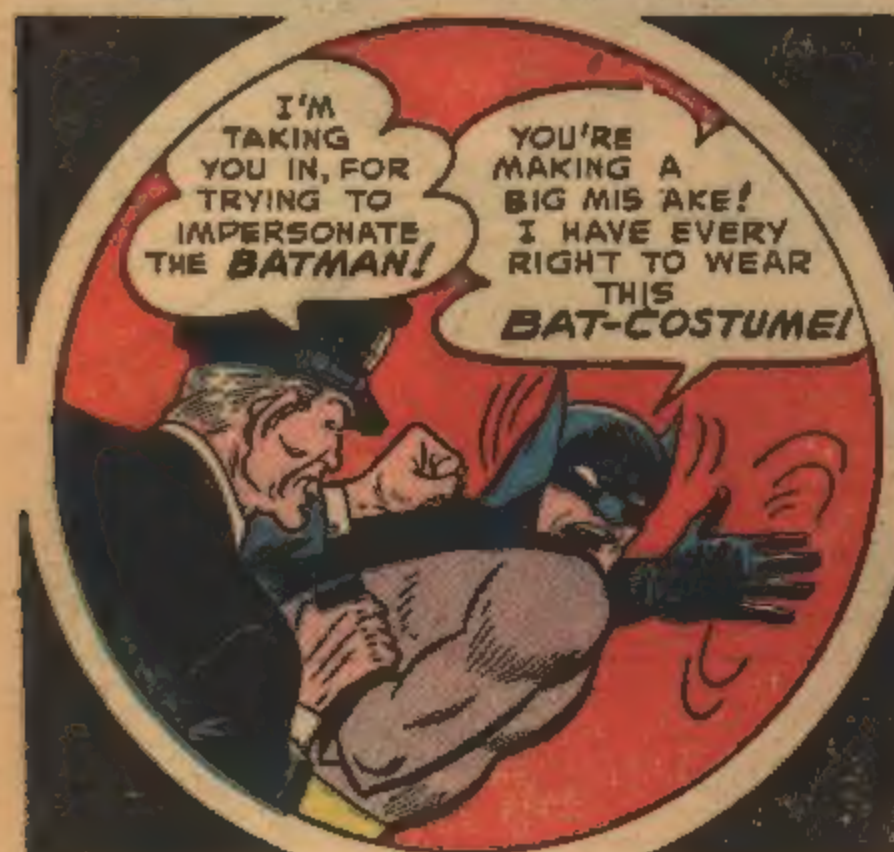
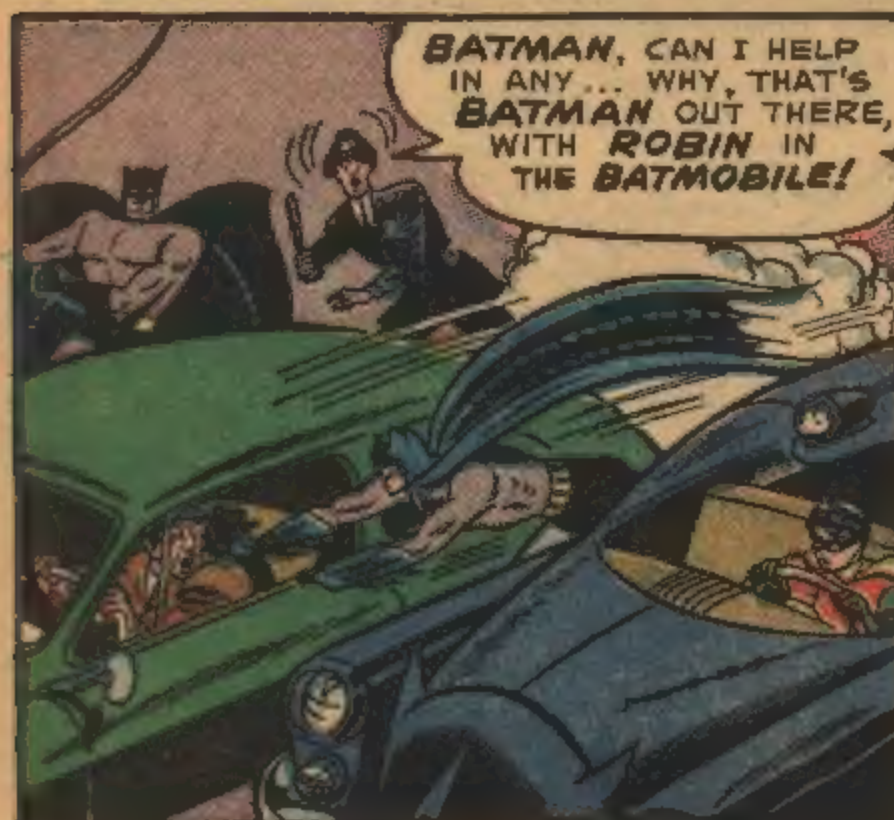
BOB  
KANE



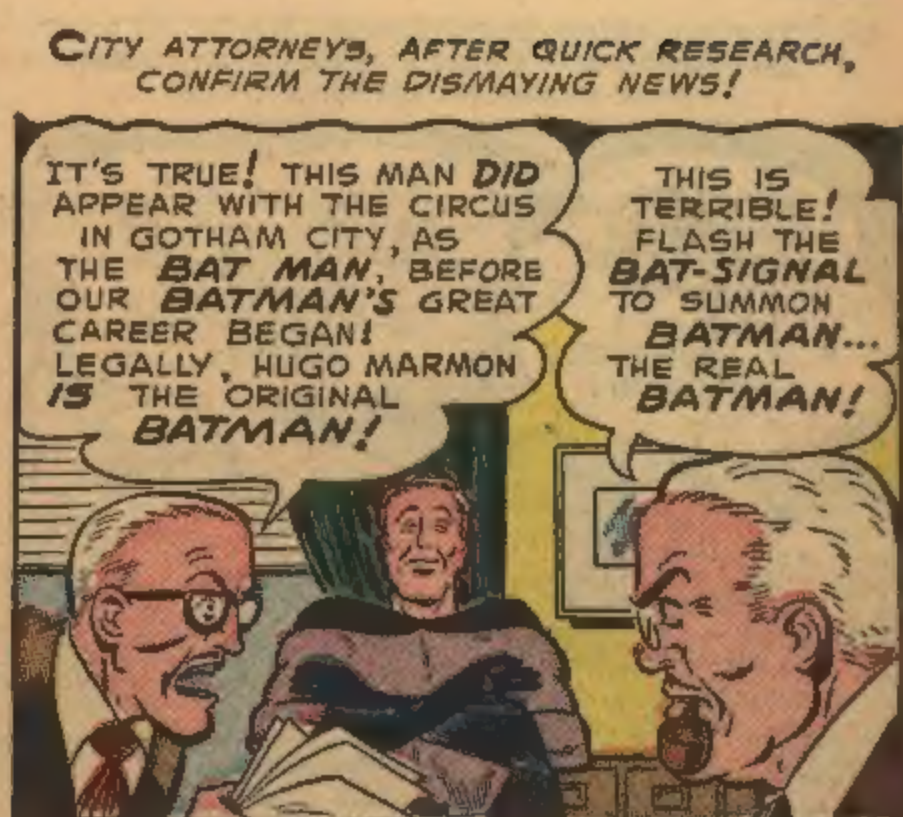
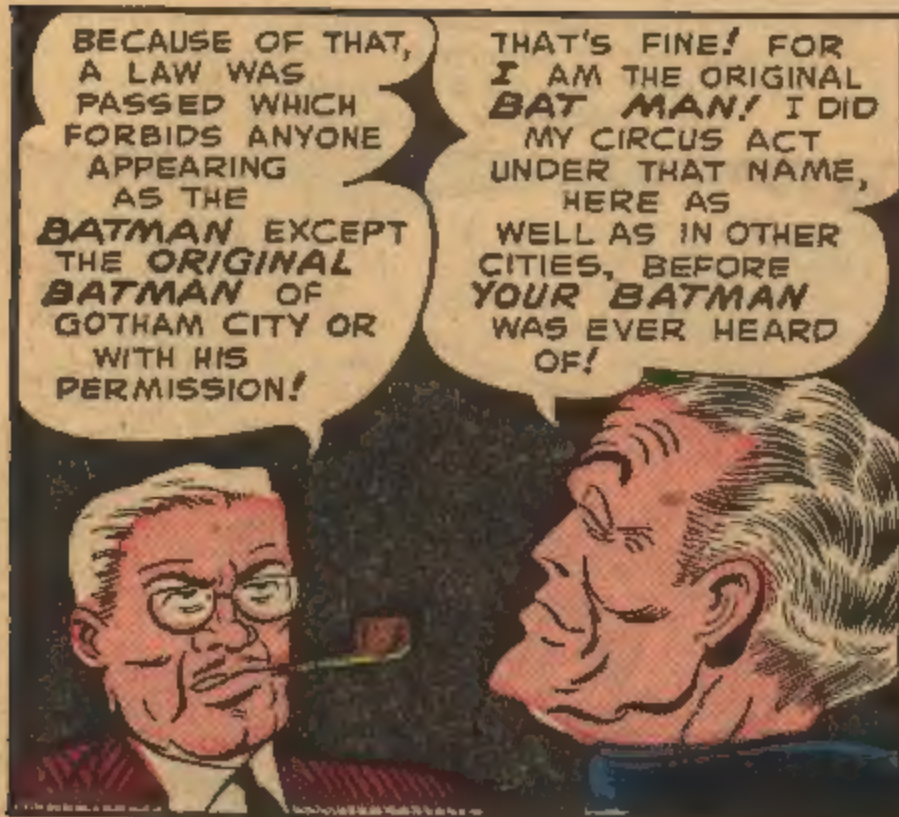
IT IS NIGHT IN GOTHAM CITY, AND A FAMILIAR, CAPED FIGURE STANDS SILHOUETTED AGAINST A FULL GOLDEN MOON...



SUDDENLY, THE BLACK-GARBED, SHADOWY SHAPE SWINGS EARTHWARD LIKE A HUMAN PENDULUM...







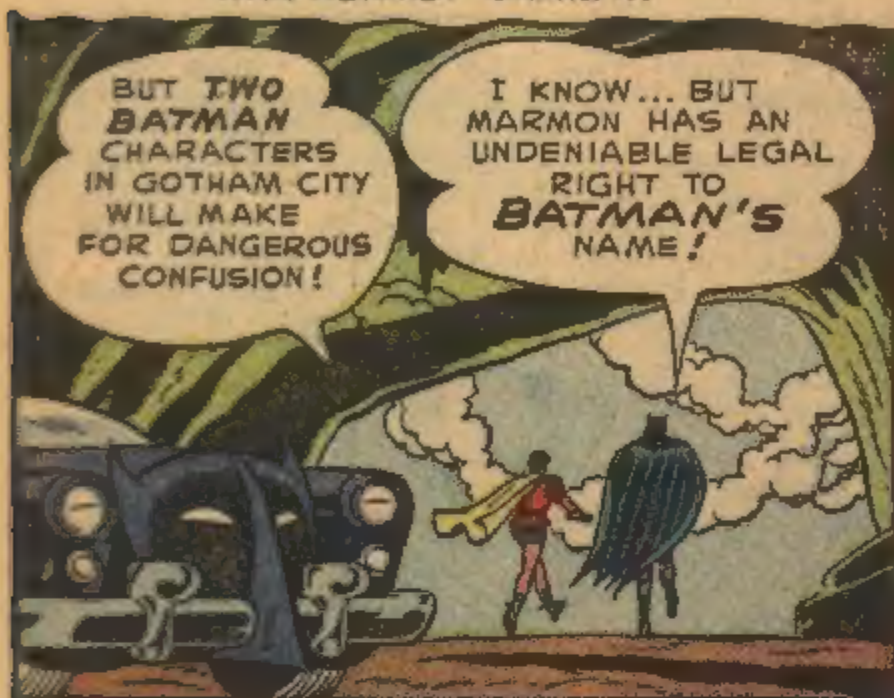




# DETECTIVE COMICS



AS THE WORRIED DUD DRIVES BACK TO THE **BATCAVE**, HIDDEN BASE FOR THEIR WAR AGAINST CRIME...



BUT TWO **BATMAN** CHARACTERS IN GOTHAM CITY WILL MAKE FOR DANGEROUS CONFUSION!

I KNOW... BUT MARMON HAS AN UNDENIABLE LEGAL RIGHT TO **BATMAN'S** NAME!

EVEN AFTER THEY HAVE CHANGED TO THEIR EVERYDAY IDENTITIES, AS SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD DICK GRAYSON, THE PROBLEM WORRIES THEM...



I BELIEVE MARMON IS ONLY TRYING TO GET THE SPOTLIGHT BECAUSE HE MISSES THE ADMIRATION OF THE AUDIENCES HE ONCE HAD!

YES, BUT THE DANGER IS THAT CROOKS WHO MISTAKE HIM FOR ME WILL STRIKE AT HIM! DICK, WE'LL HAVE TO GUARD HIM!

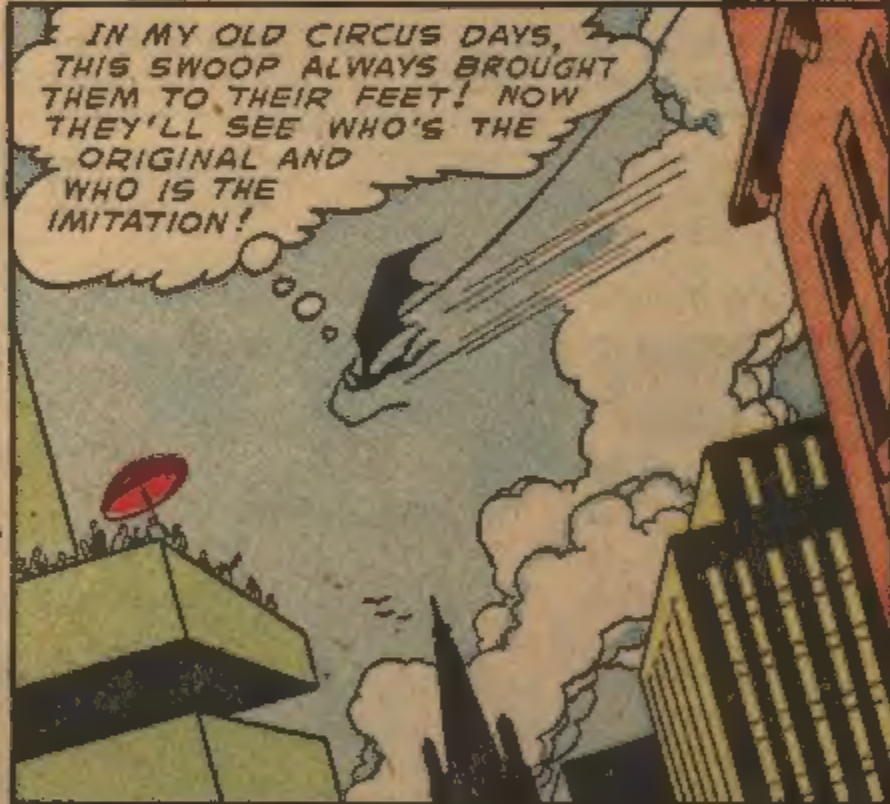
DICK'S GUESS IS A SHREWD ONE, FOR AT THAT MOMENT THE "ORIGINAL **BATMAN**" IS SHOWING OFF TO A CROWD...



AH, IT'S GOOD TO BE THE FOCUS OF ALL EYES AGAIN, TO HEAR THEIR APPLAUSE! I'LL SHOW THEM FEATS MY IMITATOR COULD NEVER DO!

LOOK, **BATMAN!**

IN MY OLD CIRCUS DAYS, THIS SWOOP ALWAYS BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR FEET! NOW THEY'LL SEE WHO'S THE ORIGINAL AND WHO IS THE IMITATION!



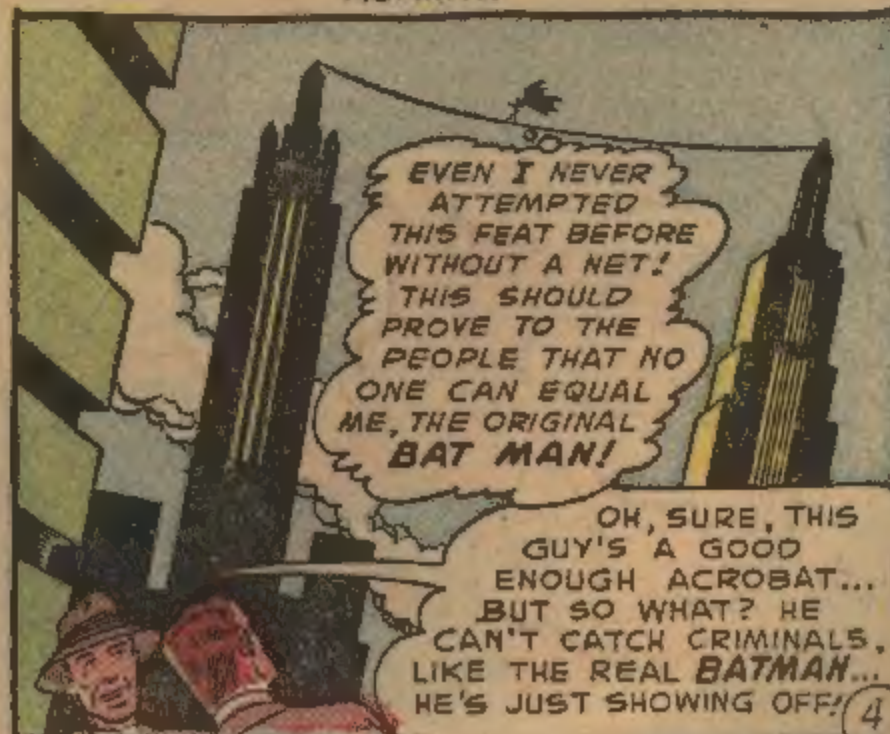
BUT THE CROWD IS NOT IMPRESSED!



IT'S NOT **BATMAN**... IT'S ONLY THAT OLD CIRCUS HAM, TRYING TO GET PUBLICITY!

I CAN SEE I'M WASTING MY TALENTS ON FOOLS! BUT YOU WILL LIVE TO APPRECIATE ME!

AND IN THE OLD CIRCUS TRADITION THAT THE SHOW MUST GO ON, MARMON TRIES AGAIN...



EVEN I NEVER ATTEMPTED THIS FEAT BEFORE WITHOUT A NET! THIS SHOULD PROVE TO THE PEOPLE THAT NO ONE CAN EQUAL ME, THE ORIGINAL **BAT MAN!**

OH, SURE, THIS GUY'S A GOOD ENOUGH ACROBAT... BUT SO WHAT? HE CAN'T CATCH CRIMINALS, LIKE THE REAL **BATMAN**... HE'S JUST SHOWING OFF!



BUT THOUGH THE CROWD SCOFFS, MARMON HAS ATTRACTED THE INTEREST OF GOTHAM CITY'S BIGGEST RACKETEER...  
JOHN VULNEY!

IT'S BEEN BAD ENOUGH WITH ONE BATMAN, WITHOUT THIS HAS-BEEN ACROBAT PLAYING BATMAN, TOO!

BUT HE DOES LOOK LIKE BATMAN, AND I THINK WE COULD USE HIM... TO SCARE AWAY OTHER CROOKS, SO WE CAN HIJACK THEIR LOOT AFTER THEY DO THE WORK!



LATER, THE "ORIGINAL BATMAN" FINDS A SYMPATHETIC LISTENER...

AND THEY LAUGH AT ME, MARMON, WHO ORIGINATED THE BATMAN CHARACTER!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T CATCH CROOKS, LIKE YOUR IMITATOR! AND THAT'S WHERE I CAN HELP YOU! I'M ONE OF A GROUP OF CITIZENS TRYING TO STAMP OUT CRIME!



WE CAN TELL YOU, FROM OUR INFORMATION SOURCES, WHERE CRIMES ARE GOING TO BE COMMITTED! WITH YOUR SUPERIOR SKILL, YOU CAN FAR OUTSHINE THE IMITATION BATMAN IN CATCHING THE CROOKS!

AN EXCELLENT IDEA! I'LL SHOW UP MY IMITATOR SO THAT HE'LL BE LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN!



SOON...

THAT EXACT MODEL OF GOTHAM CITY HAS RARE GEMS IN ITS TINY JEWEL-STORES! THEY'RE LOCKED IN A SAFE EACH NIGHT, BUT I'VE INFORMATION THAT LEFTY LANE'S MOB WILL STEAL THEM AFTER THE EXHIBIT CLOSES!

IT'S CLOSED NOW, SO THEY MAY BE IN THERE AT THIS MOMENT! HERE'S WHERE THE ORIGINAL BATMAN GOES INTO ACTION!



PRESENTLY, THE MINIATURE CITY BECOMES THE SCENE OF A ROBBERY THAT'S LIFE-SIZE!

HA, JUST IN TIME!

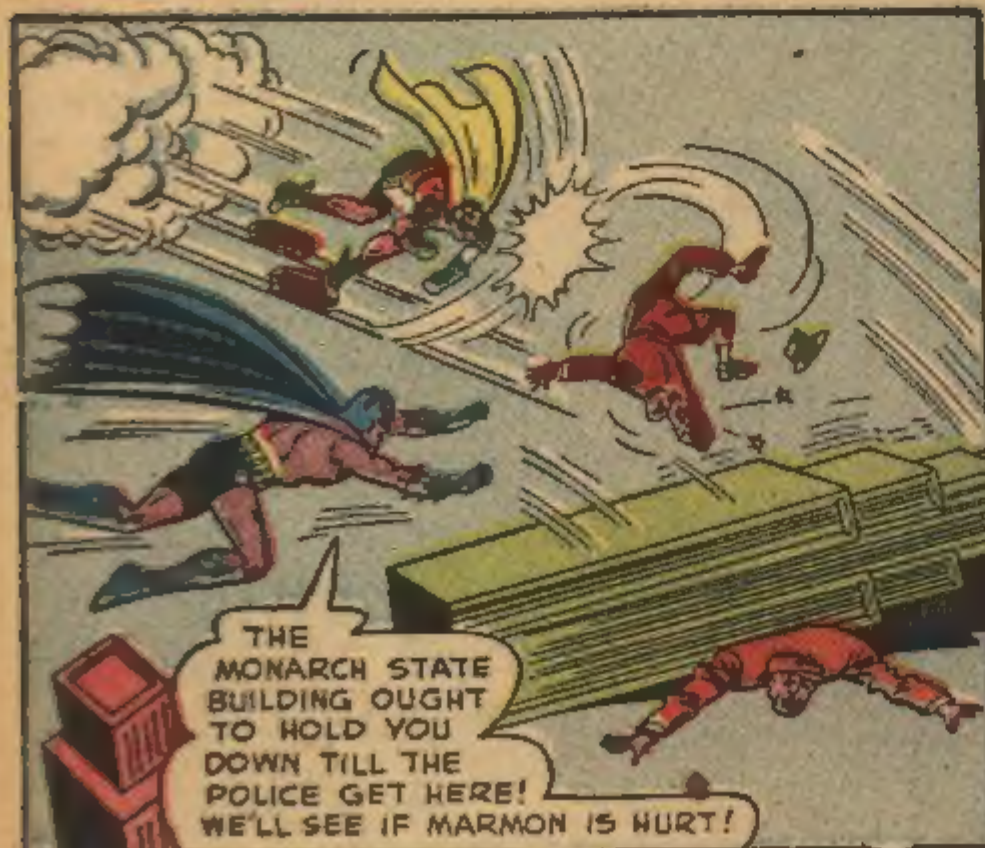
LOOK OUT, IT'S BATMAN!







**BUT SUDDENLY, ON THEIR SILKEN CORDS OF JUSTICE, SWOOPS DOWN THE DYNAMIC DUO...**



**AND THE ONLY CASUALTY OF THE EPISODE IS THE BLOW TO HUGO MARMON'S PRIDE...**

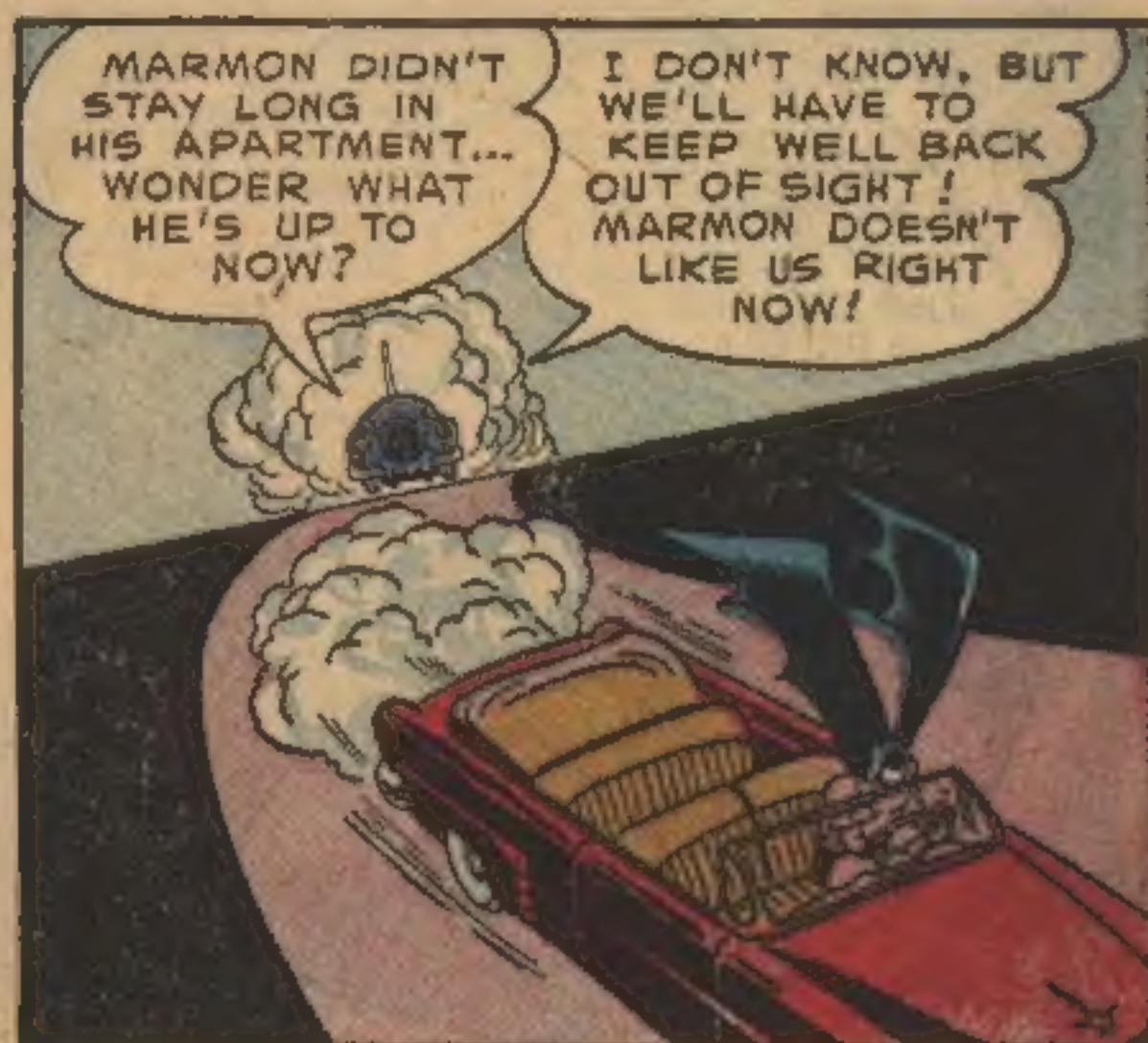
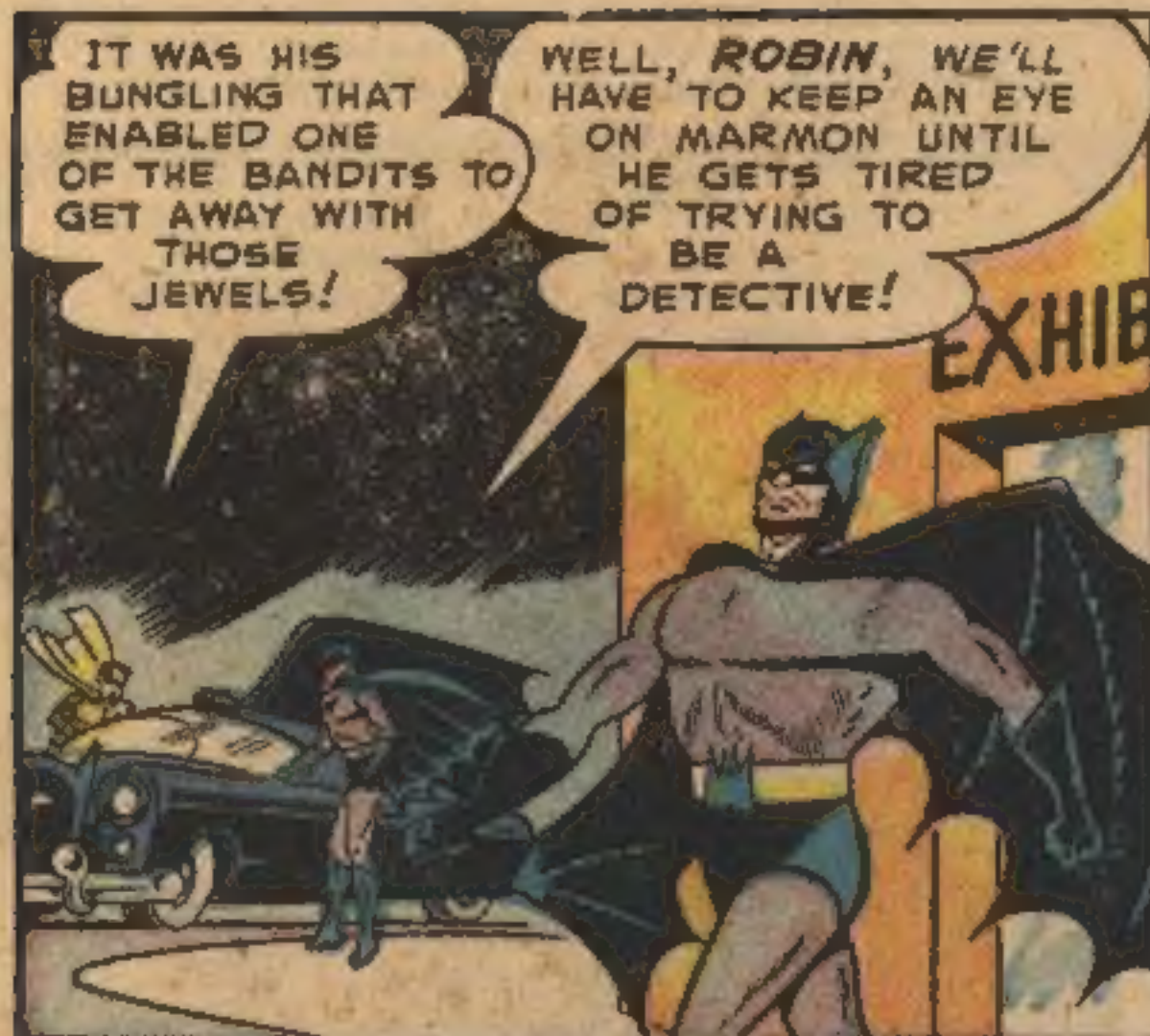
I'M NOT HURT... BUT THERE WAS A THIRD THUG WHO GRABBED THE JEWELS! I'D HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF YOU, MY UNWORTHY IMITATOR, HADN'T BLUNDERED IN HERE AND GOT IN THE WAY!

OF ALL THE CRUST...

QUIET, **ROBIN**! SORRY WE GOT IN YOUR WAY, MR. **MARMON**!







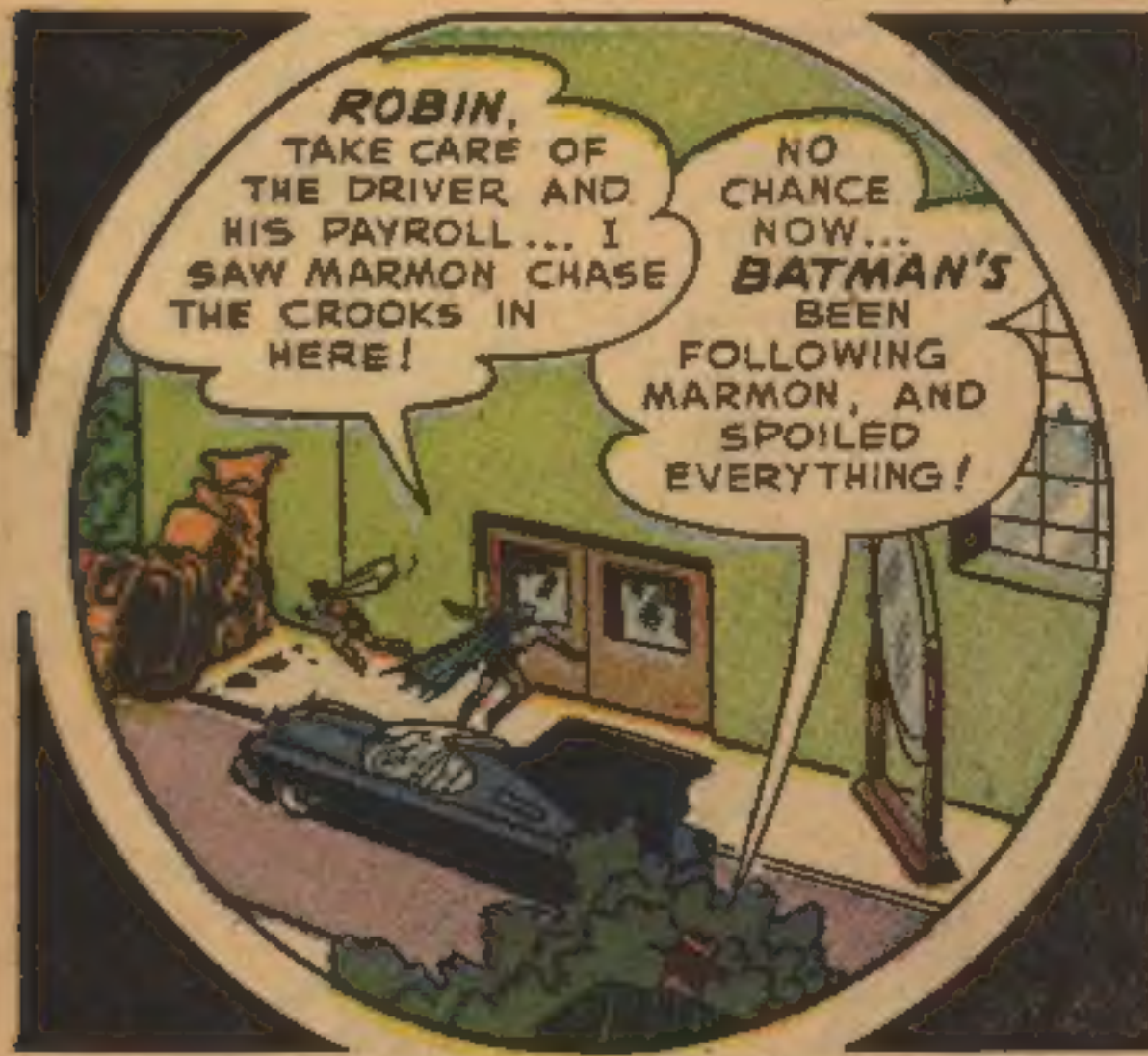




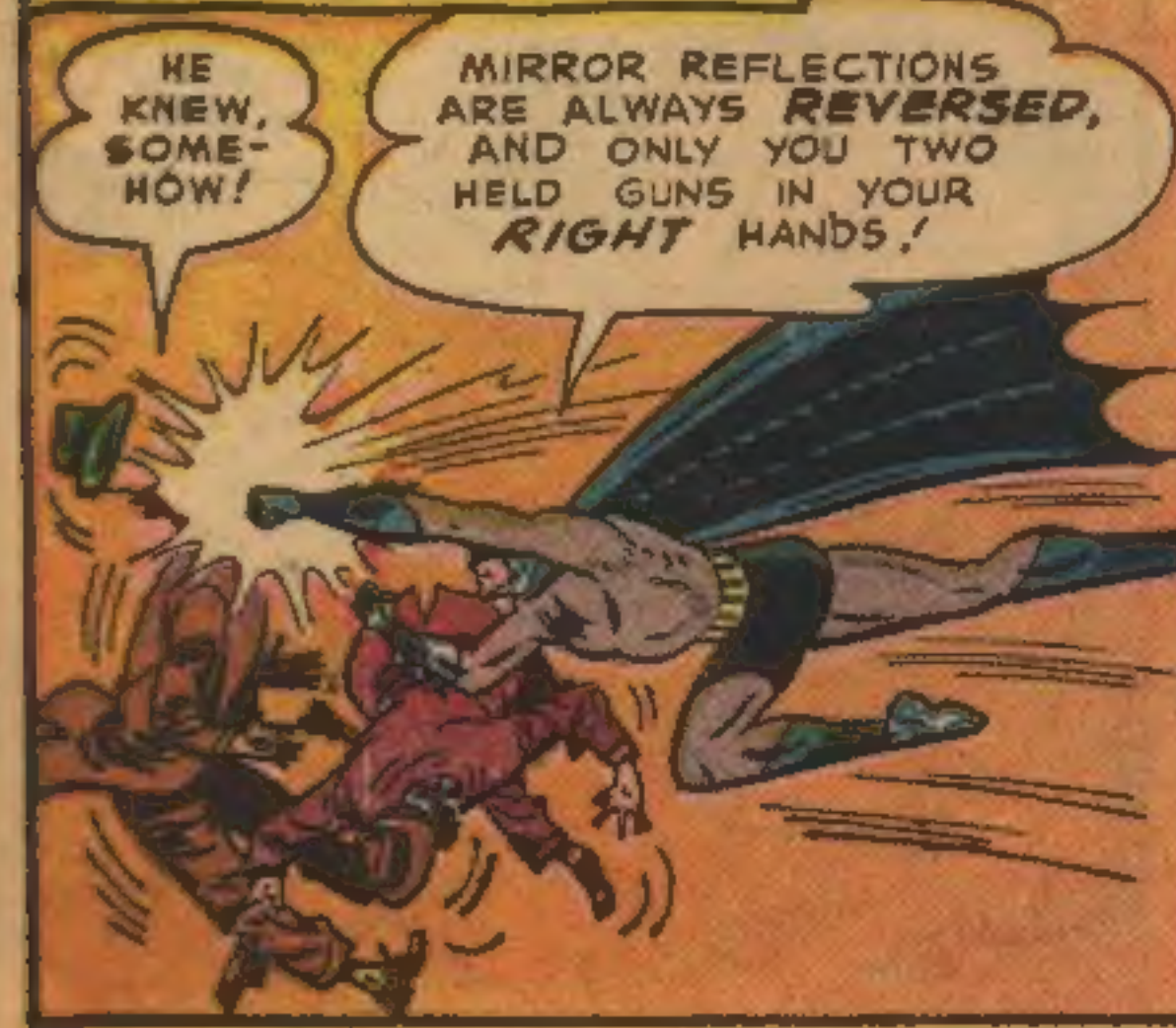
BUT IN THE FACTORY'S GREAT DISPLAY, THE "HALL OF MIRRORS"...



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE, AS VULNEY MOVES TO REAP THE REWARD OF HIS TRICK...



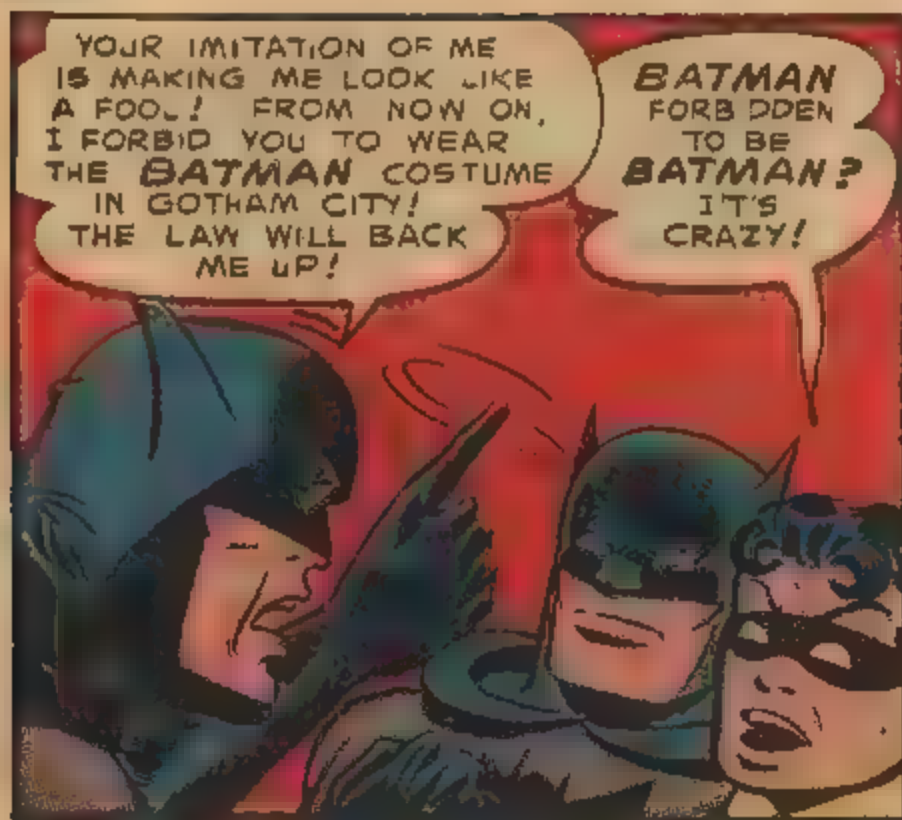
BUT, IN A FLYING CHARGE...



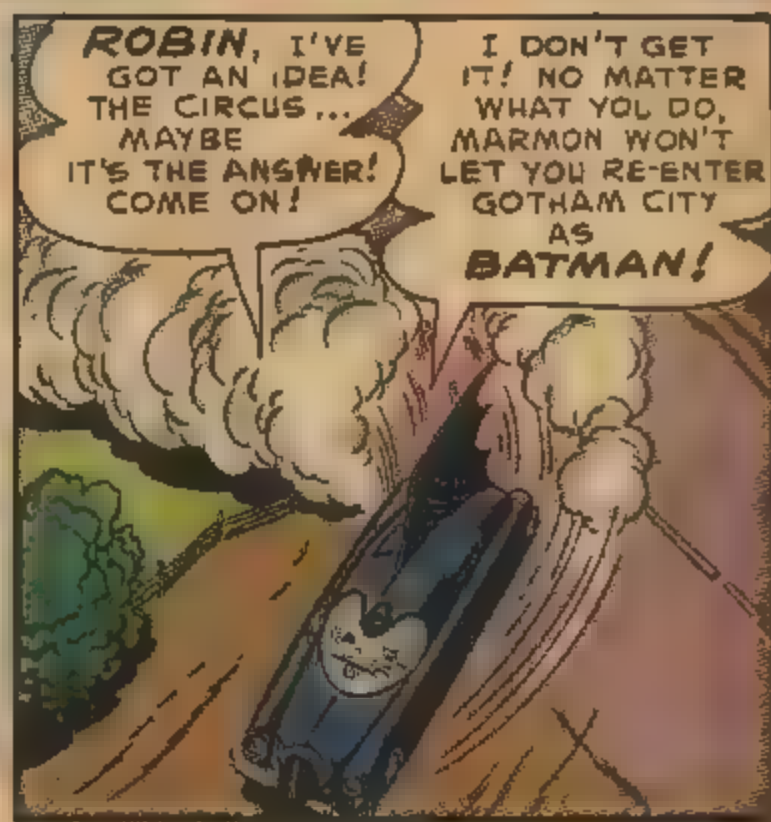
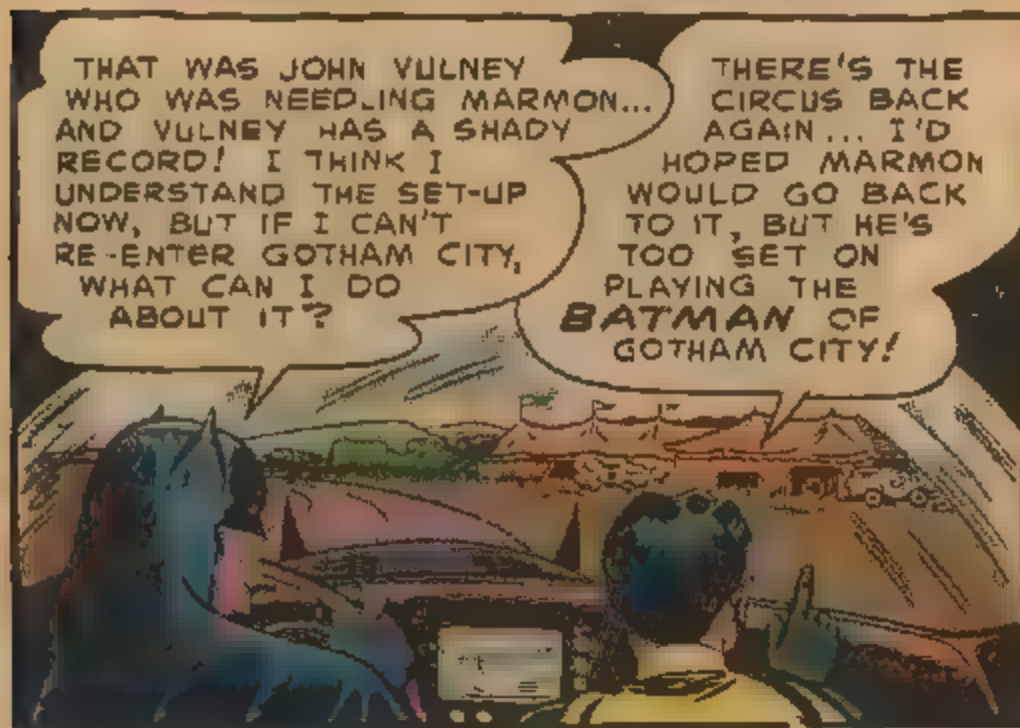
THE FLYING FISTS OF THE BATMAN SOON SUBDUED THE TWO CROOKS! BUT THE "ORIGINAL BATMAN'S" FRIEND, RACKETEER VULNEY, STILL HAS HOPES OF USING MARMON AS A DUPE...



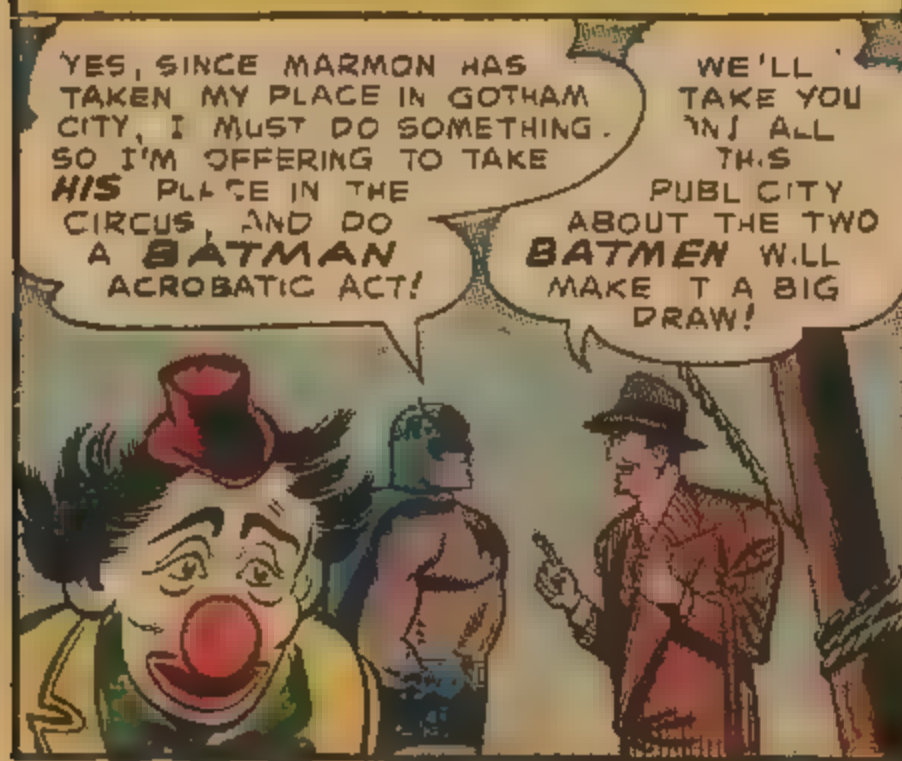




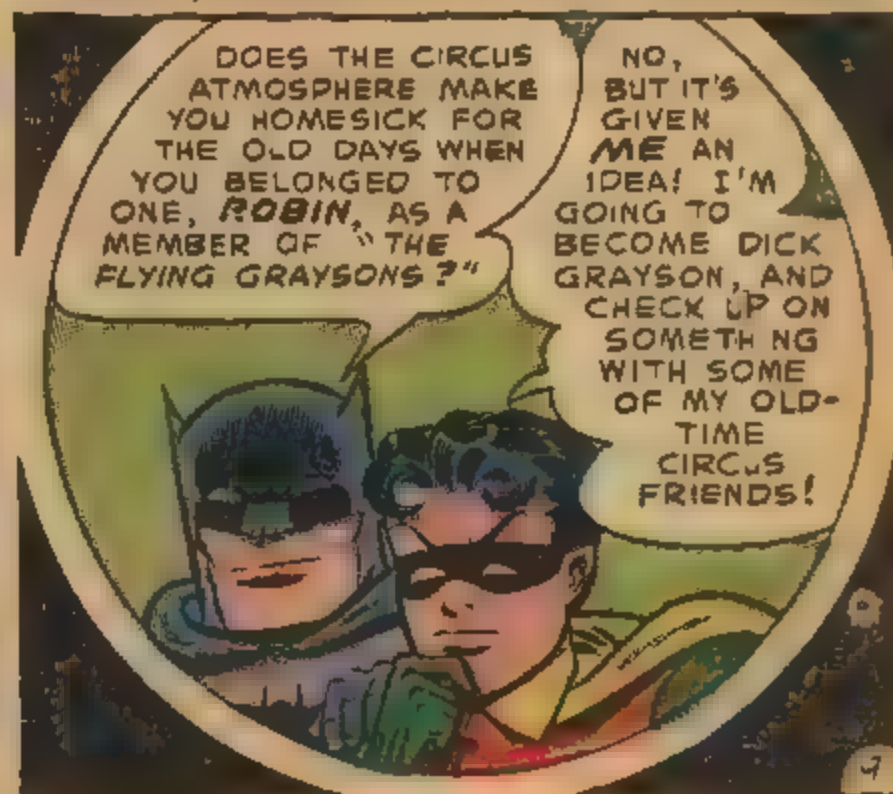
IT'S A SOMBER **BATMAN** WHO DRIVES OUT OF GOTHAM CITY FOR THE LAST TIME!



PRESENTLY, THE CIRCUS MANAGER GETS A SURPRISE PROPOSITION...



LATER, BEFORE HIS FIRST PERFORMANCE...





MEANWHILE...

I'VE HEARD THAT THE IMITATION **BATMAN** IS GOING TO DO MY OLD ACT IN THE CIRCUS! I CAN'T STOP IT, SINCE IT'S OUTSIDE THE EDGE OF GOTHAM CITY, BUT I'M GOING TO PROTEST IT!

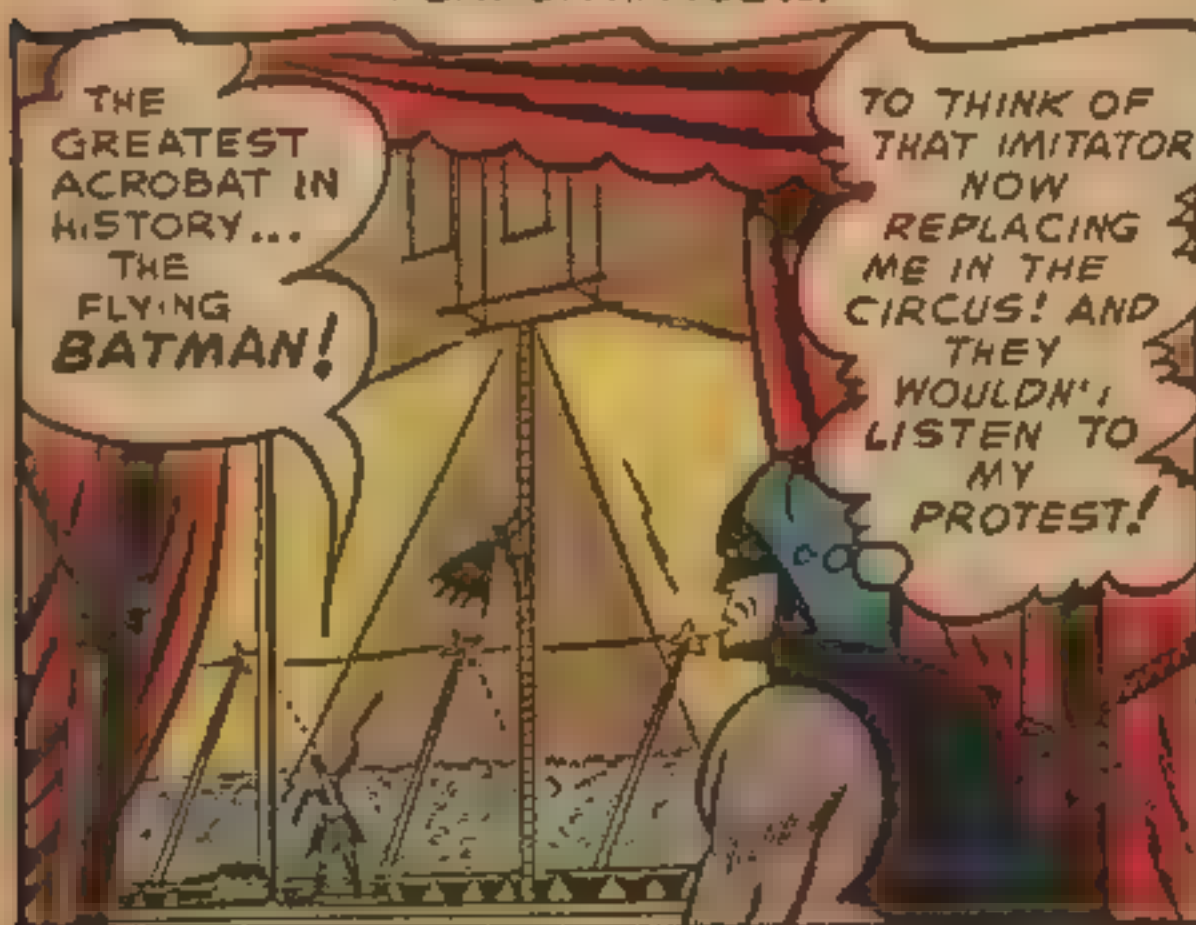
BE SURE TO BE BACK SOON... I'VE A TIP ON A BANK ROBBERY PLANNED FOR TONIGHT, WHICH AS **BATMAN**, YOU MUST PREVENT!



AT THE CIRCUS, ONE **BATMAN** WATCHES ANOTHER **BATMAN** BEGIN HIS PERFORMANCE...

THE GREATEST ACROBAT IN HISTORY... THE FLYING **BATMAN**!

TO THINK OF THAT IMITATOR NOW REPLACING ME IN THE CIRCUS! AND THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO MY PROTEST!



YES, THE **BATMAN**, MASTER OF ACROBATICS, SEEMS TO HAVE LOST HIS USUAL FLASHING SKILL!

HE MISSED HIS SECOND LEAP!

HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT... HE'LL FALL!



WHAT A HAM THAT GUY IS!

BUT HE HAS BARRED THE REAL **BATMAN** OUT OF TOWN FOR US... SO TONIGHT WE'LL USE MARMON FOR A CLEAN-UP THAT'LL MAKE HISTORY!



WITH INCREASING ANXIETY, THE **BOY WONDER** WATCHES A STRANGELY CLUMSY **BATMAN** PERFORM...

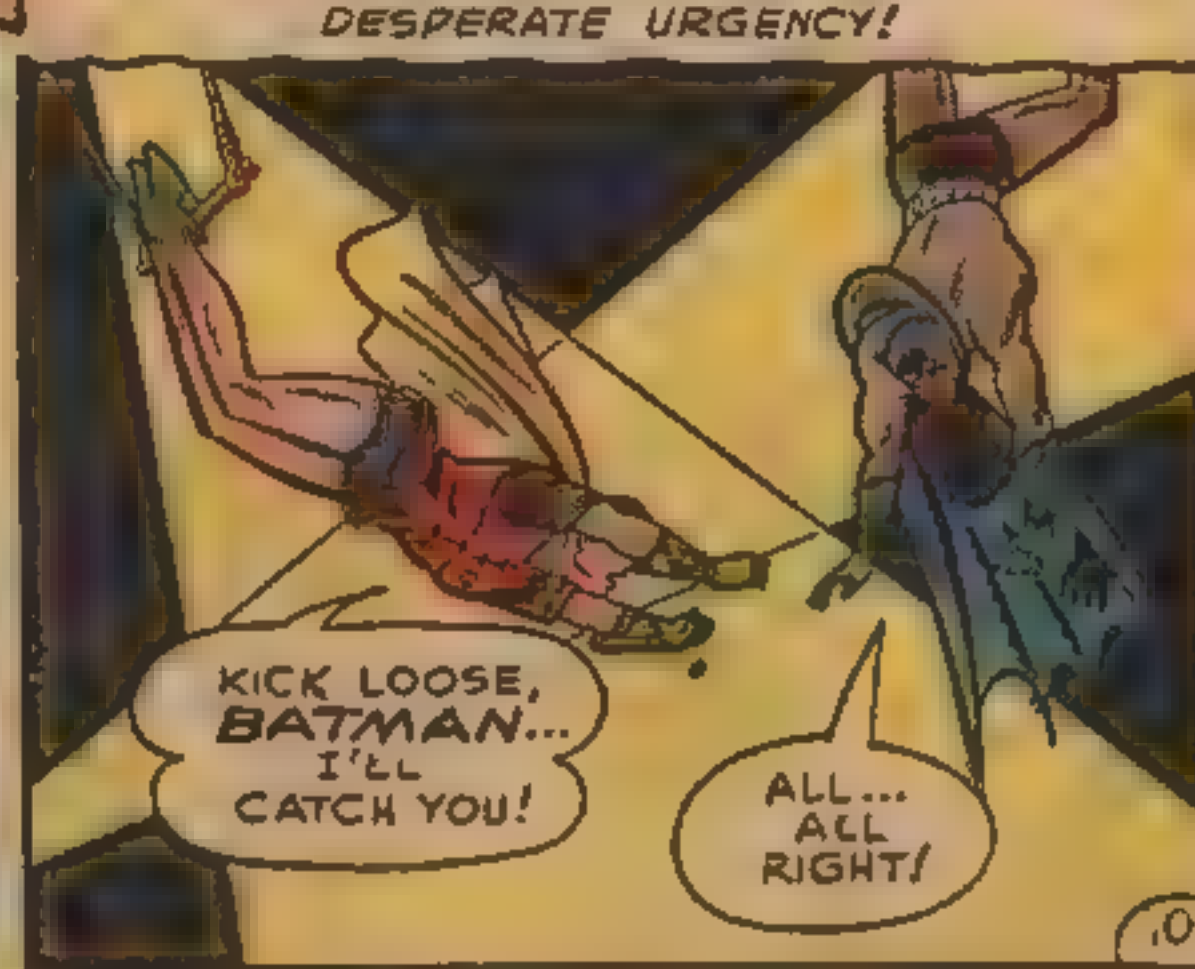
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH **BATMAN**'S TIMING? HE ALMOST MISSED!



LOYALLY, THE **BOY** WHO WAS ONCE ONE OF THE GREAT "FLYING GRAYSONS" ZOOMS INTO THE HIGH ROPES WITH DESPERATE URGENCY!

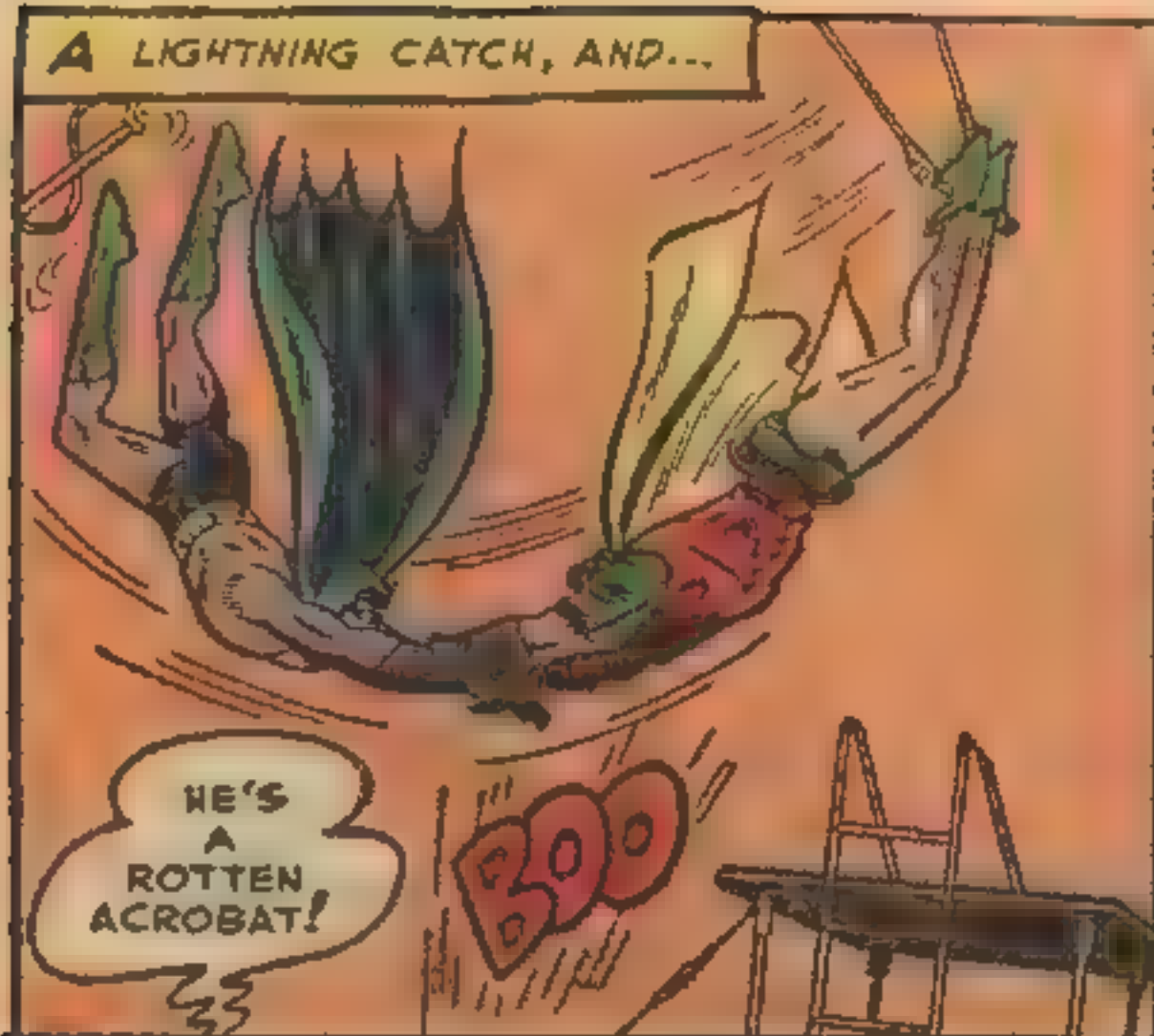
KICK LOOSE, **BATMAN**... I'LL CATCH YOU!

ALL... ALL RIGHT!





A LIGHTNING CATCH, AND...



HE'S  
A  
ROTTEN  
ACROBAT!

BOO

THE BOOS ARE MORE THAN THE VETERAN  
CIRCUS PERFORMER CAN STAND...

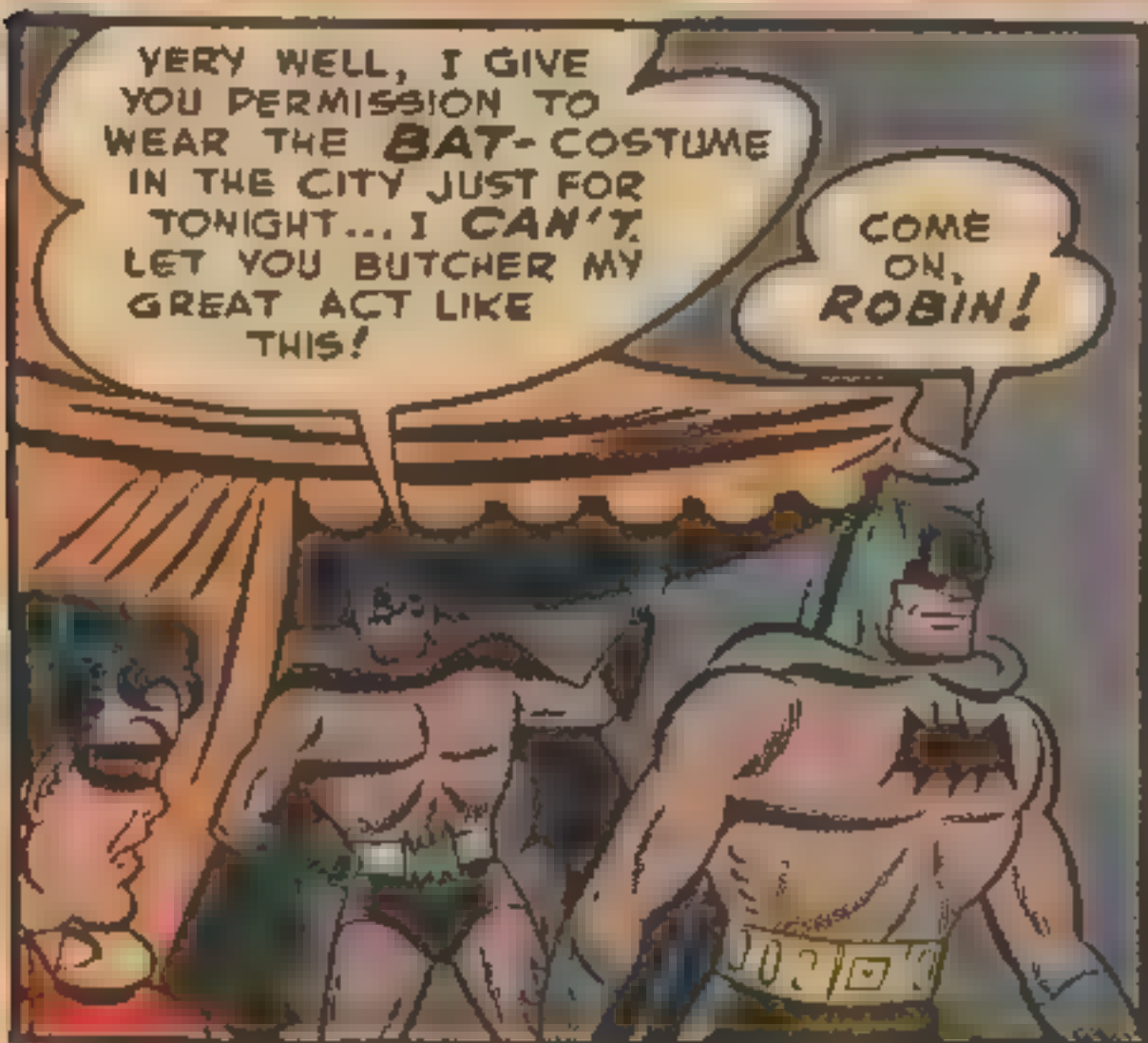
YOU WERE TERRIBLE!  
YOU'RE RUINING THE  
REPUTATION I BUILT  
UP WITH THAT ACT  
FOR YEARS! PLEASE...  
TO SAVE MY FAME,  
YOU MUST LET  
ME DO THAT ACT IN  
TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE,  
INSTEAD OF YOU!

WELL,  
I MIGHT...  
IF YOU'LL  
LET ME TAKE  
YOUR  
PLACE AS THE  
**BATMAN**  
OF GOTHAM CITY  
TONIGHT!



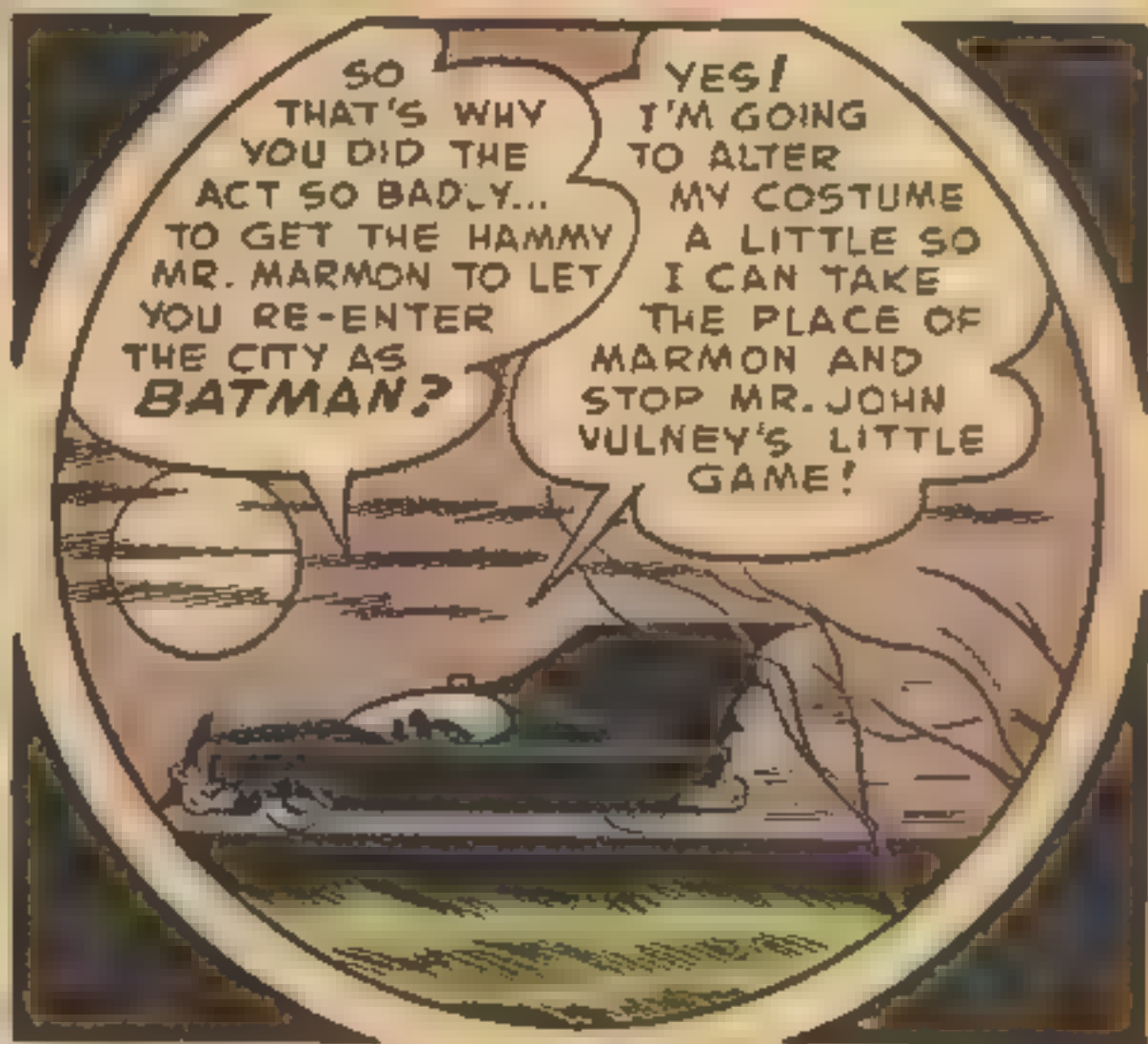
VERY WELL, I GIVE  
YOU PERMISSION TO  
WEAR THE **BAT-COSTUME**  
IN THE CITY JUST FOR  
TONIGHT... I CAN'T  
LET YOU BUTCHER MY  
GREAT ACT LIKE  
THIS!

COME  
ON,  
**ROBIN!**



SO  
THAT'S WHY  
YOU DID THE  
ACT SO BADLY...  
TO GET THE HAMMY  
MR. MARMON TO LET  
YOU RE-ENTER  
THE CITY AS  
**BATMAN?**

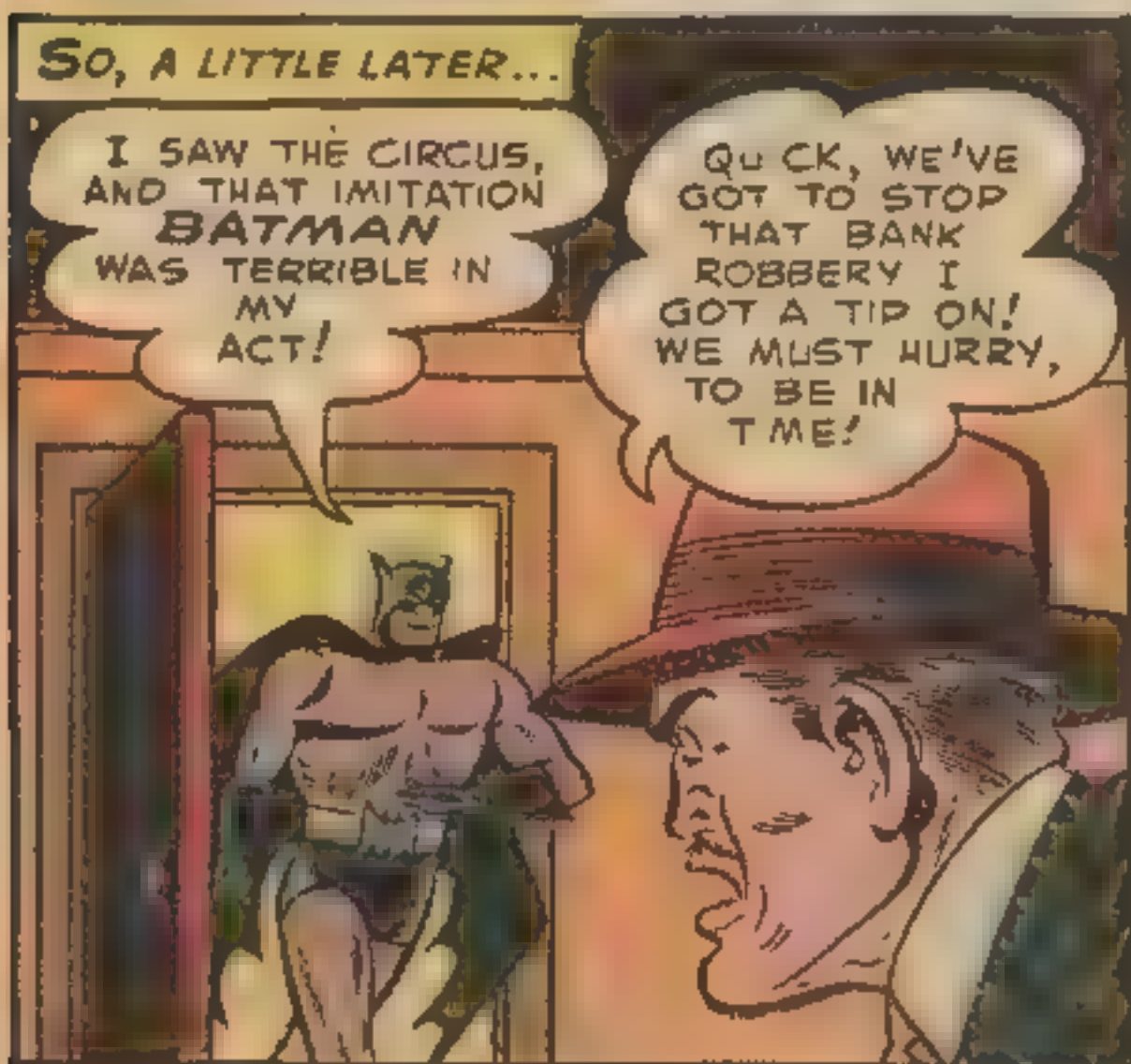
YES!  
I'M GOING  
TO ALTER  
MY COSTUME  
A LITTLE SO  
I CAN TAKE  
THE PLACE OF  
MARMON AND  
STOP MR. JOHN  
VULNEY'S LITTLE  
GAME!



SO, A LITTLE LATER...

I SAW THE CIRCUS,  
AND THAT IMITATION  
**BATMAN**  
WAS TERRIBLE IN  
MY  
ACT!

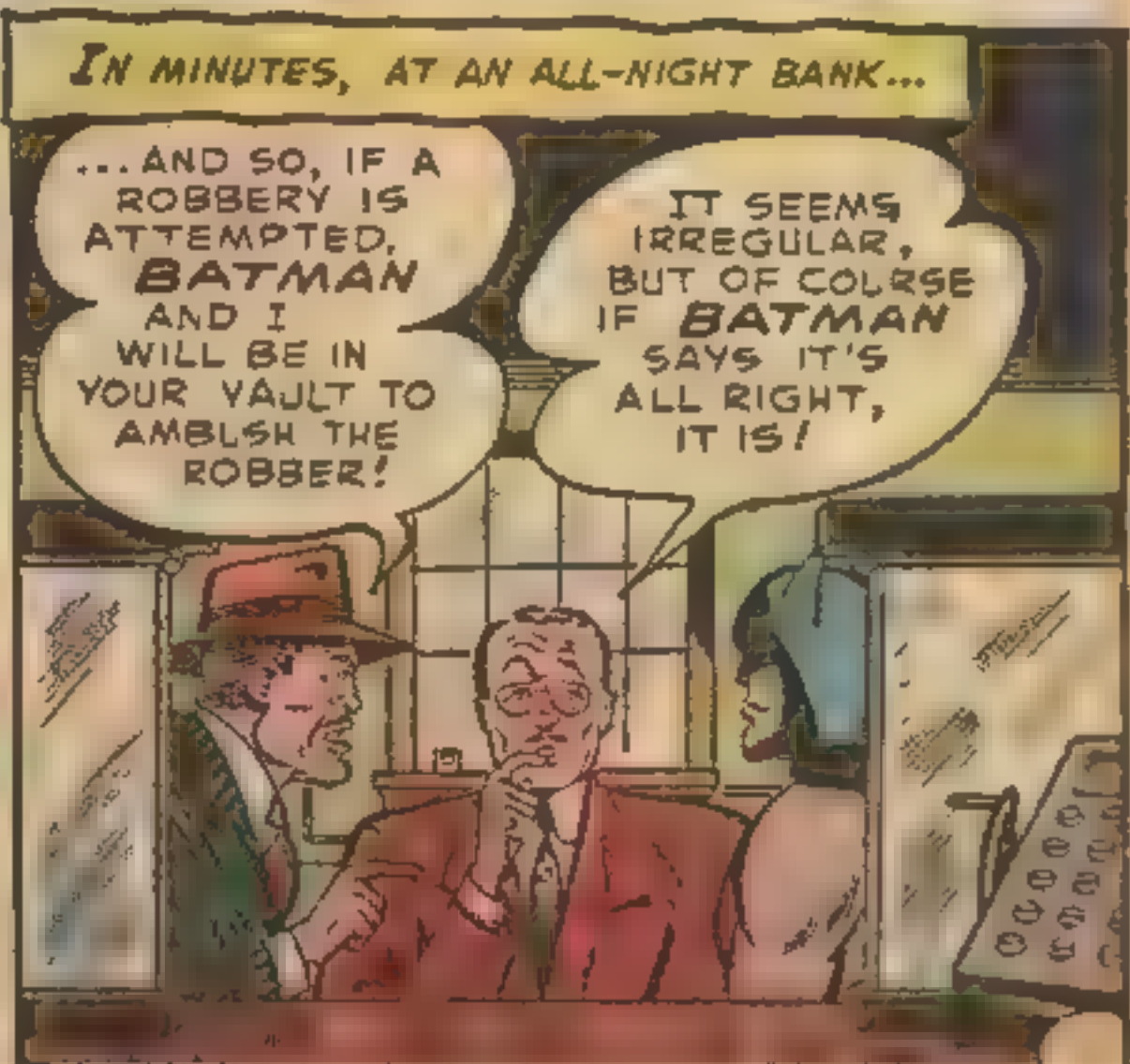
QUICK, WE'VE  
GOT TO STOP  
THAT BANK  
ROBBERY I  
GOT A TIP ON!  
WE MUST HURRY,  
TO BE IN  
TIME!



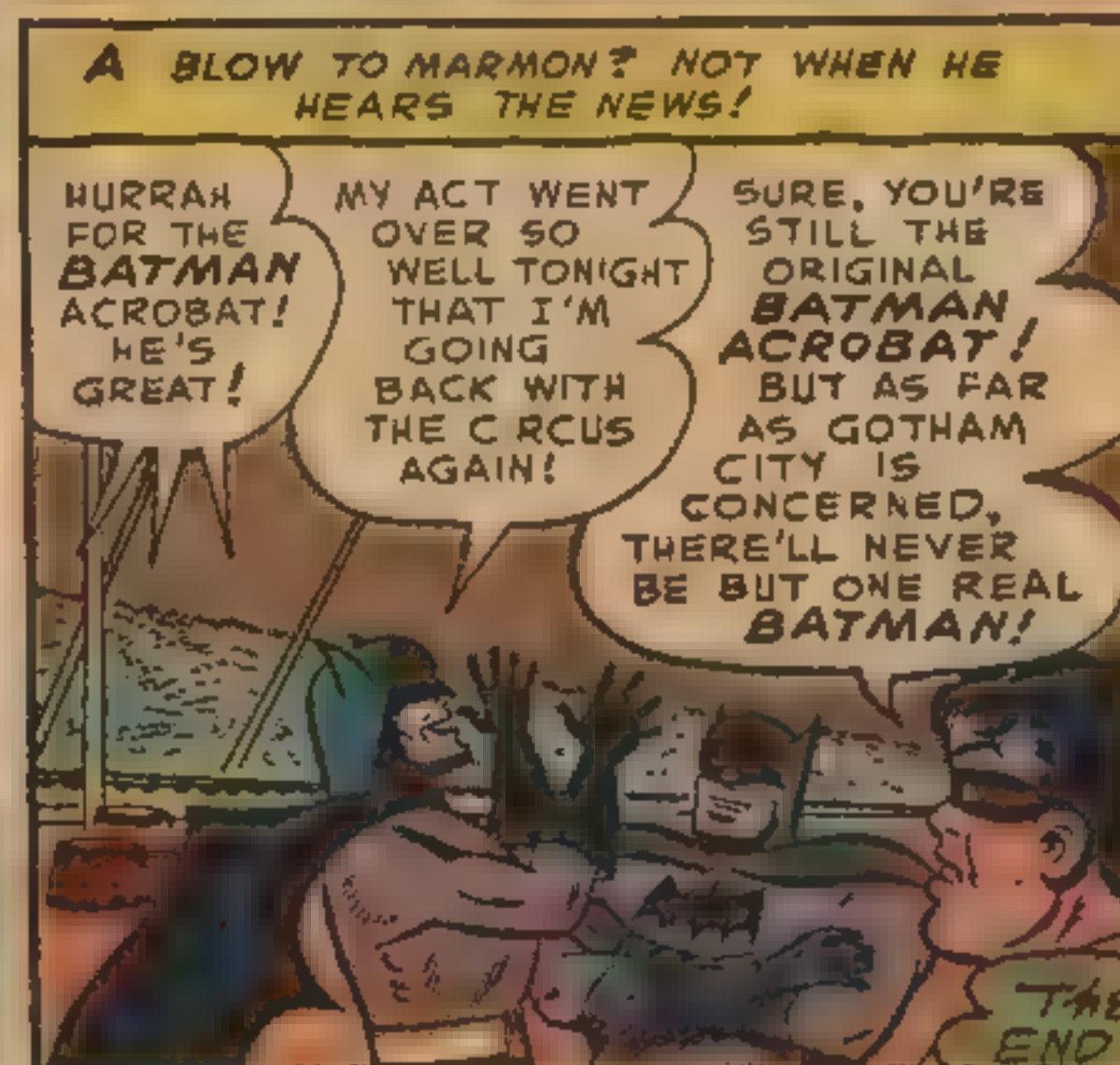
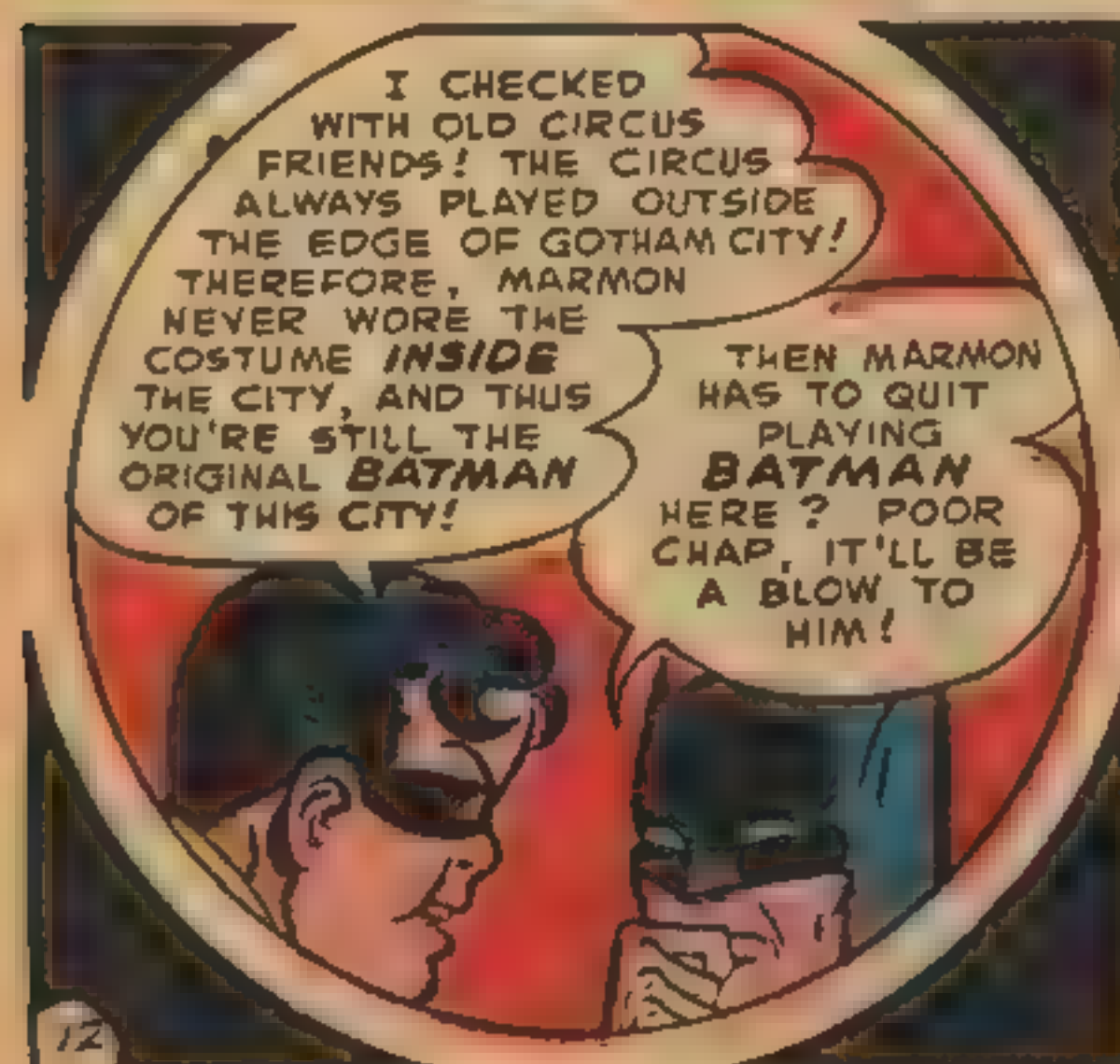
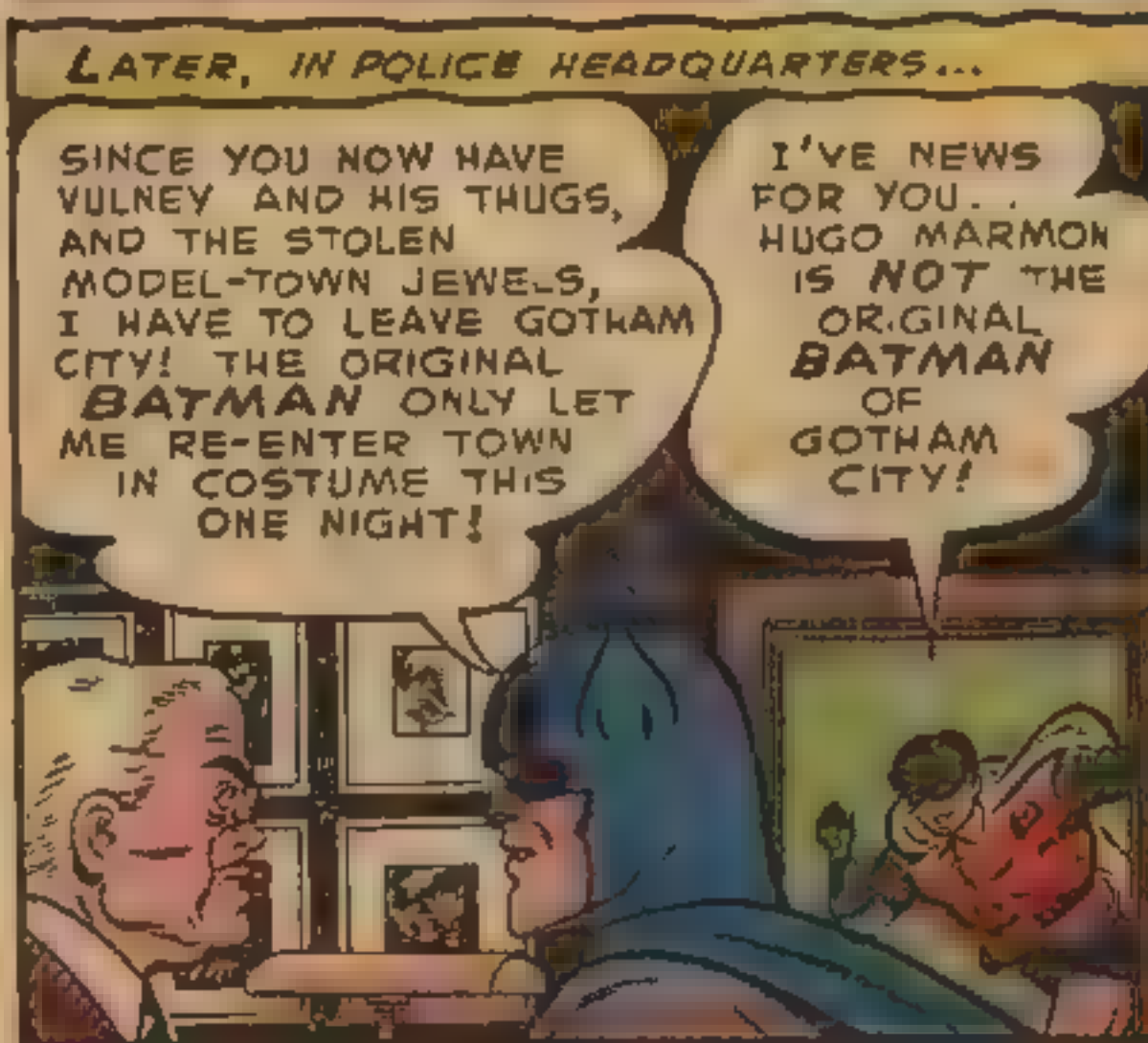
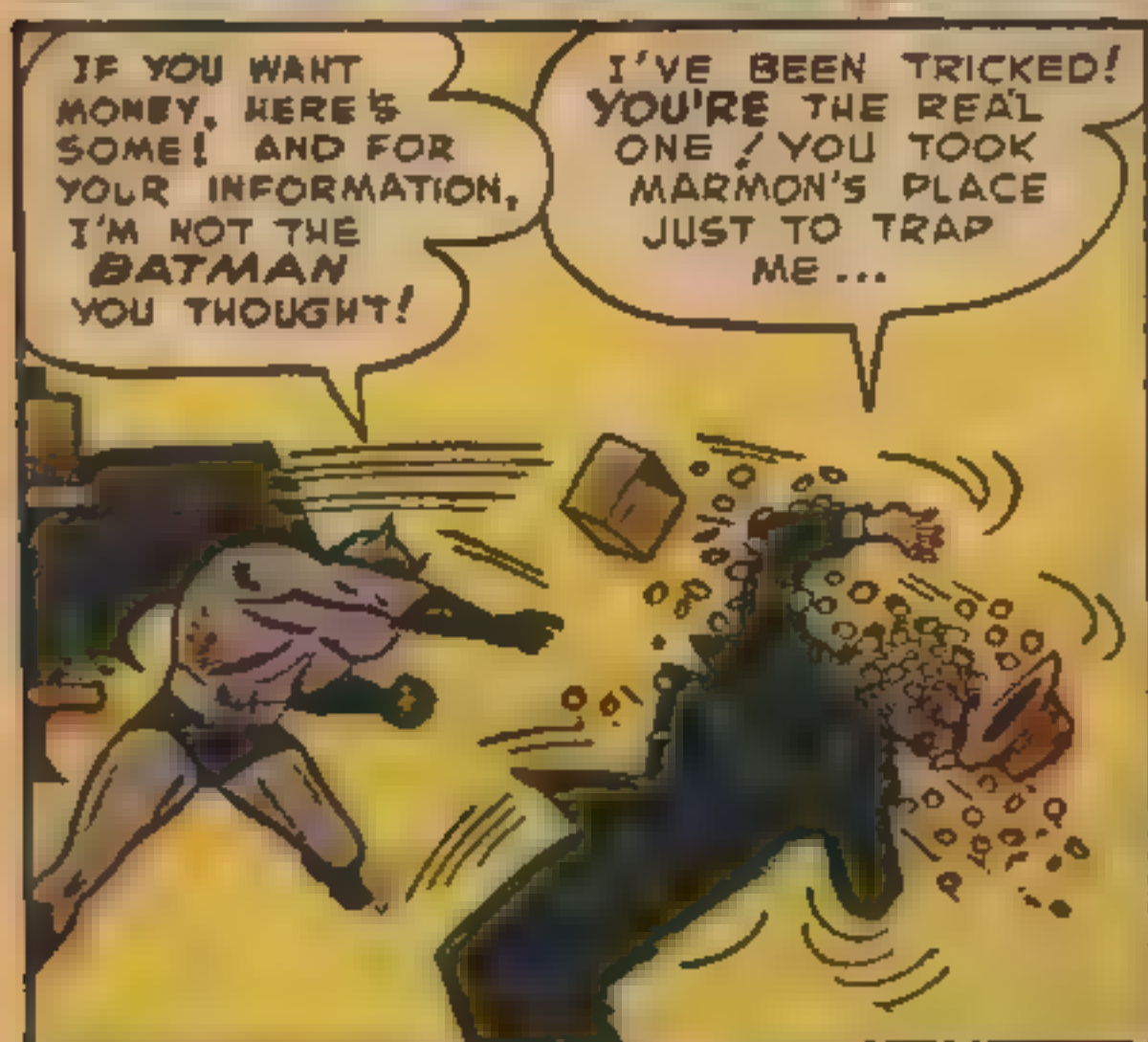
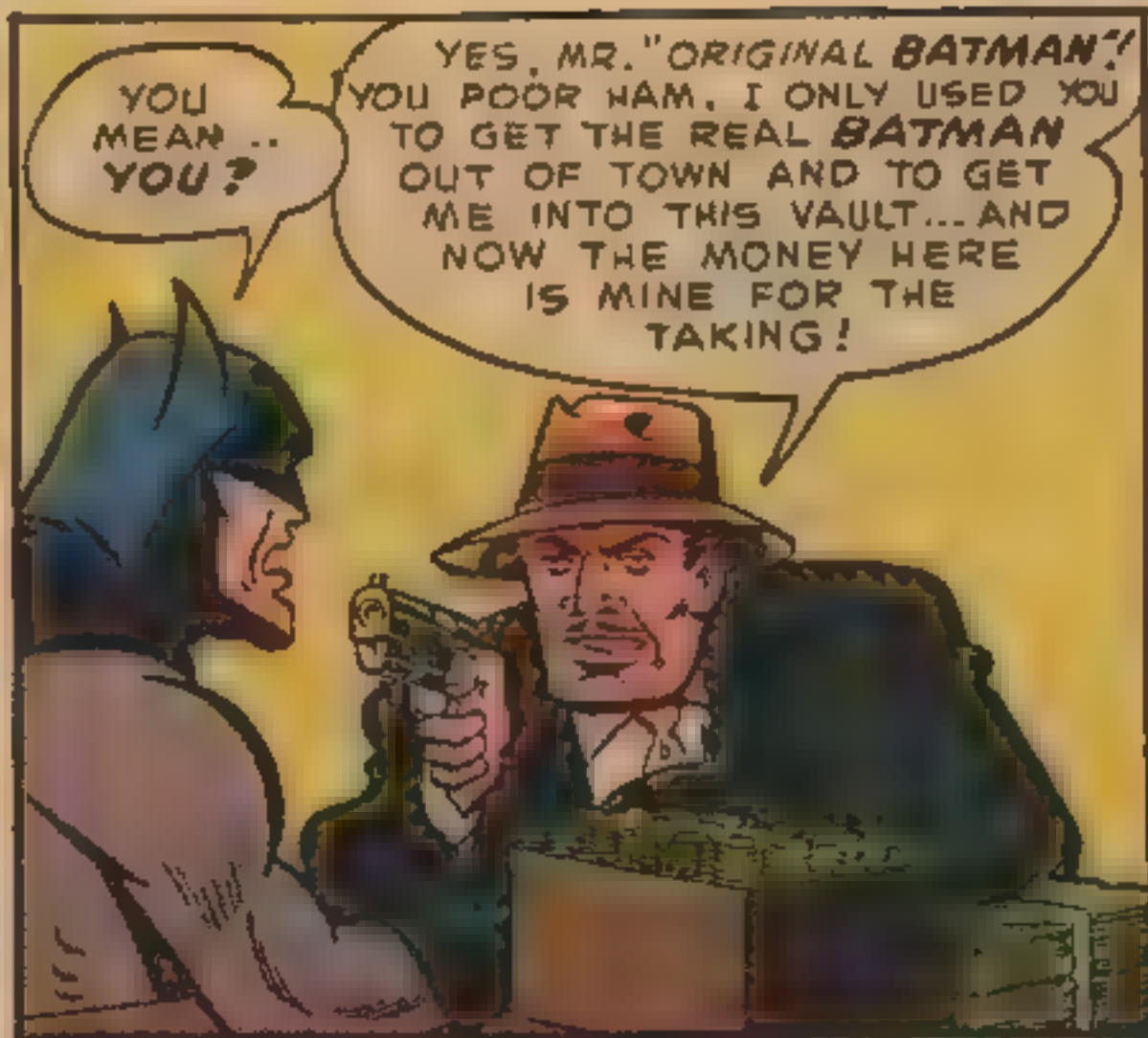
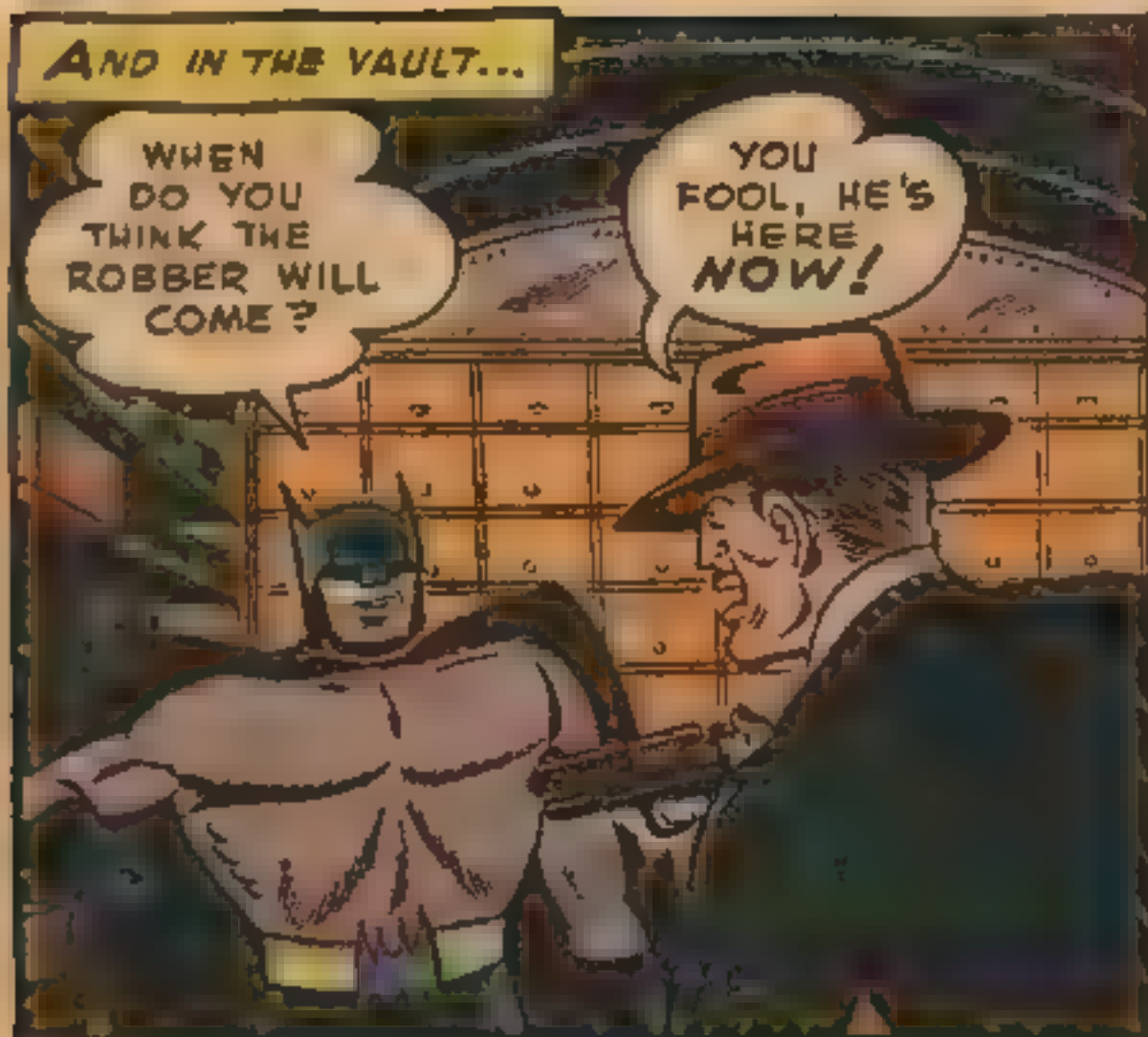
IN MINUTES, AT AN ALL-NIGHT BANK...

...AND SO, IF A  
ROBBERY IS  
ATTEMPTED,  
**BATMAN**  
AND I  
WILL BE IN  
YOUR VAULT TO  
AMBUSH THE  
ROBBER!

IT SEEMS  
IRREGULAR,  
BUT OF COURSE  
IF **BATMAN**  
SAYS IT'S  
ALL RIGHT,  
IT IS!









# QUICK QUIZ

CAN A WOMAN SERVE AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?



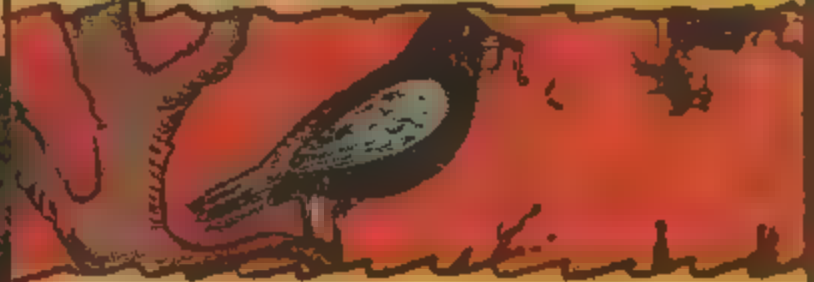
YES, IN SO FAR AS THE CONSTITUTION IS CONCERNED IT MAKES NO PROVISION WITH REGARD TO THE SEX OF THE PRESIDENT!

WHICH IS THE LARGEST CAVE IN THE WORLD?



MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY! THE MAIN CAVERN IS 300 FT. WIDE, 125 FT. HIGH, 4 MILES IN LENGTH WITH ABOUT 150 MILES OF PASSAGES!

WHY DO BIRDS EAT SO MUCH?



BECAUSE THEY ARE EXCEEDINGLY ACTIVE AND VERY WARM-BLOODED, BIRDS NEED EXCESSIVE AMOUNTS OF FOOD! SOME BIRDS EAT 50% MORE THAN THEIR WEIGHT IN 24 HOURS!

WHAT CAUSES A KERNEL OF POP CORN TO "POP"?



WHEN A KERNEL IS SHAKEN IN A POPPER OVER A HOT FIRE, THE HEAT TRANSFORMS THE MOISTURE INSIDE THE KERNEL INTO STEAM. WHEN THIS STEAM GENERATES SUFFICIENT FORCE, THE KERNEL BURSTS OPEN WITH A "POP"!

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WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR BIKE SAY  
"Bendix Coaster Brake"  
Your dealer will do the rest

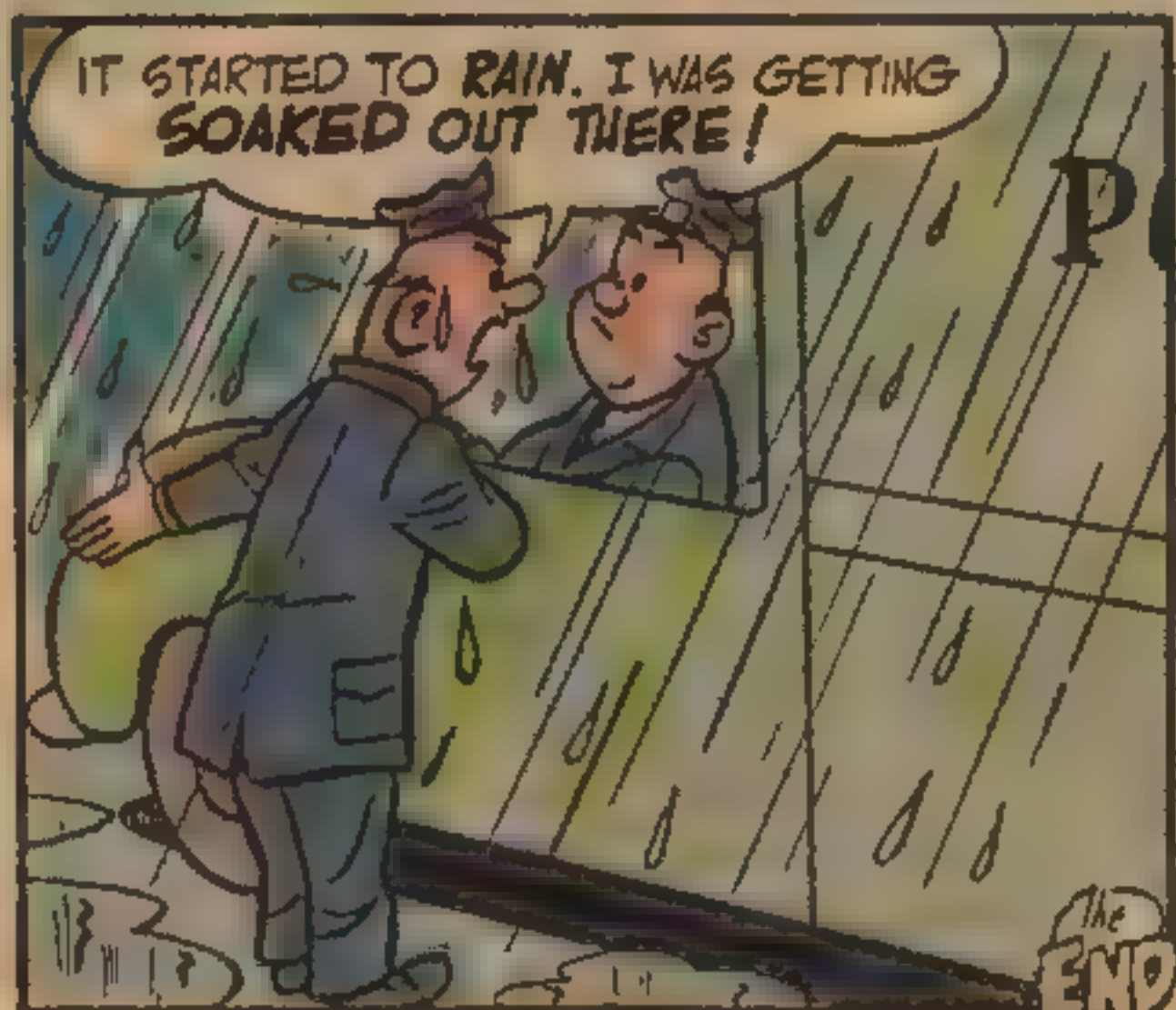
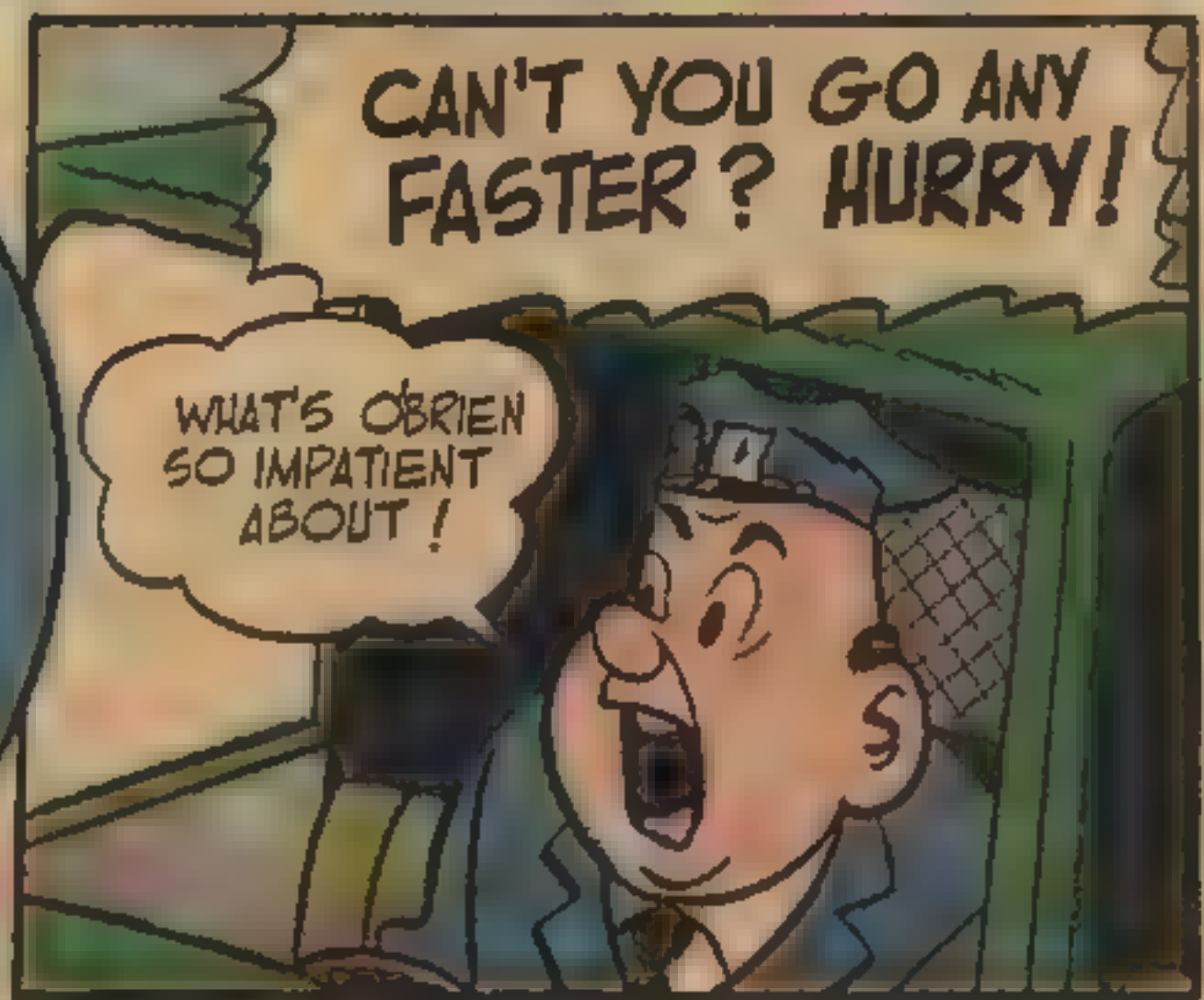
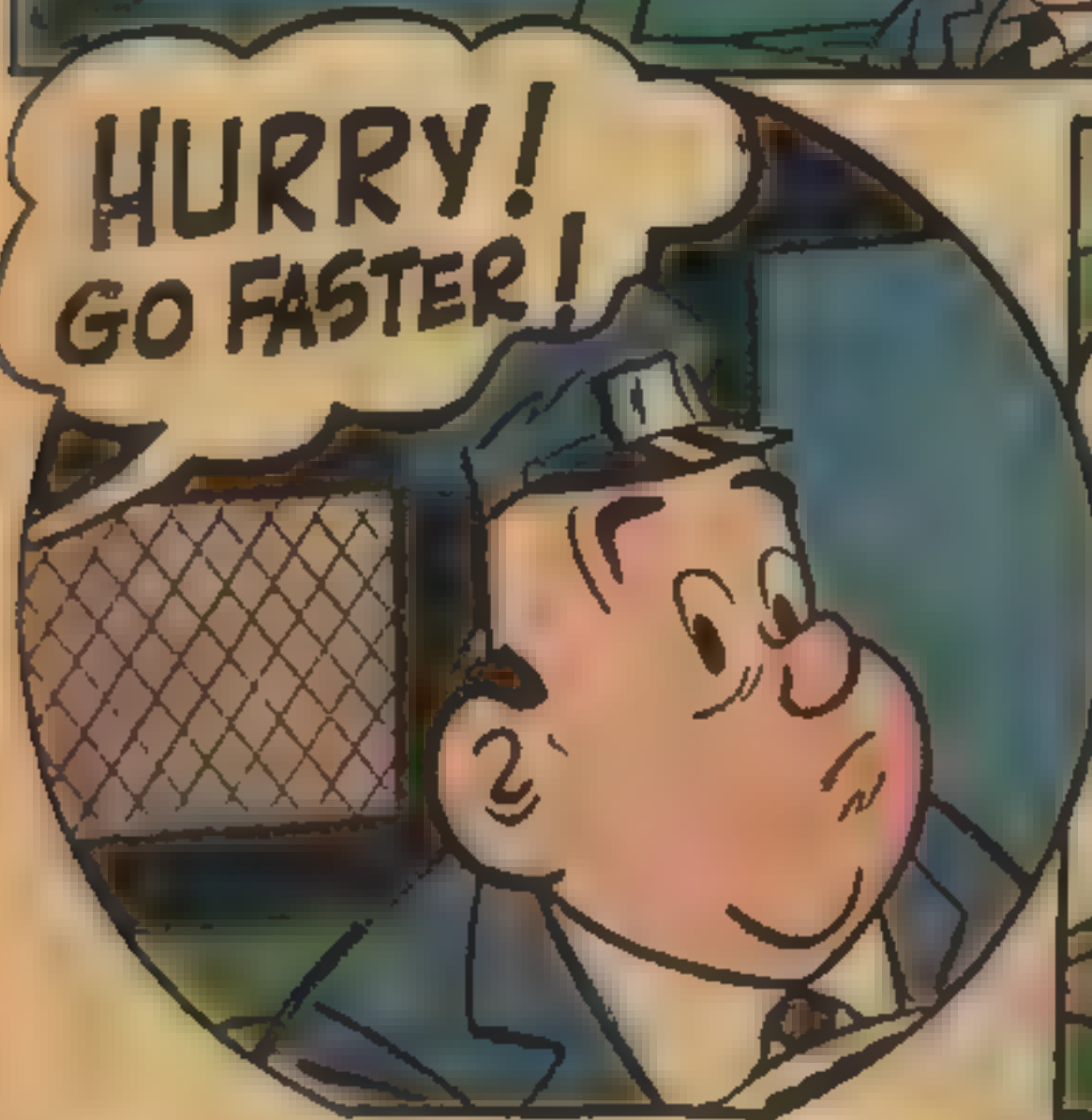
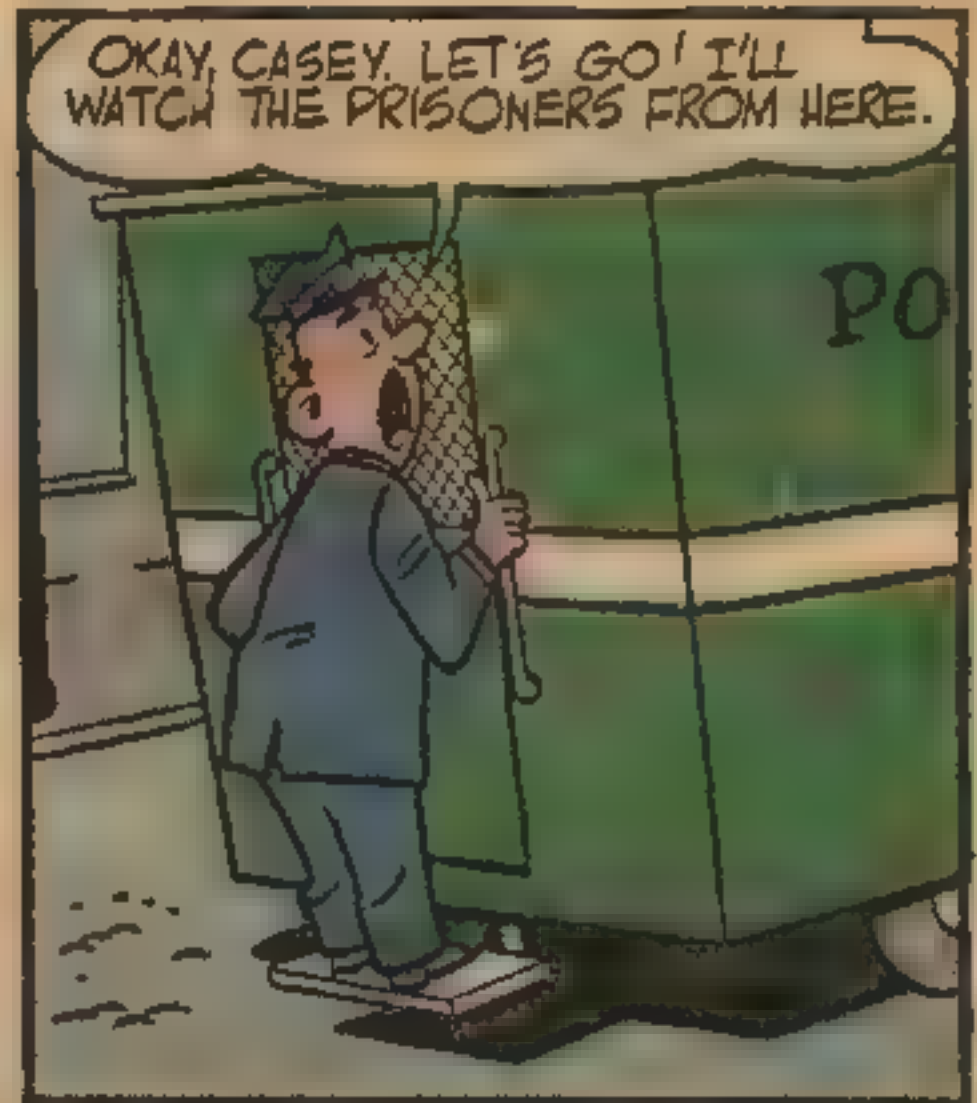
\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRAKE ARM!

- PEDALS EASIER
- COASTS FARTHER
- STOPS QUICKER
- LASTS LONGER









# IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A BATTERED TIN PAIL AROUND THE HOUSE YOU'D LIKE TURNED INTO STERLING SILVER? OR DO YOU HAVE AN OLD ANDIRON YOU'D LIKE CHANGED INTO SOLID GOLD? WELL, THEN, JUST CALL UP ALEX HORN AND ASK HIM TO WAVE THAT SORCERER'S STICK OF HIS! BUT DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT! ASK ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF TV'S 'IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE!' SHOW! HE STILL HASN'T RECOVERED FROM HIS EXPERIENCE OF MEETING THE MAN WITH...

**"THE  
MAGIC  
WAND"**

Rubens  
Mortimer

AND NOW, FOLKS, MR. RAYMOND WILL EXPOSE THE HOAX BEHIND... HOK... ROY, Y-YOU'VE BEEN TURNED INTO... INTO...!

...PURE SOLID GOLD!

IN THE MIDDLE OF A COOL APRIL NIGHT, ROY RAYMOND IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, AS...

WHO'S THERE?

THE FAMOUS PRODUCER SPRINGS FROM HIS BED AND LEAPS AT THE INTRUDER, BUT...

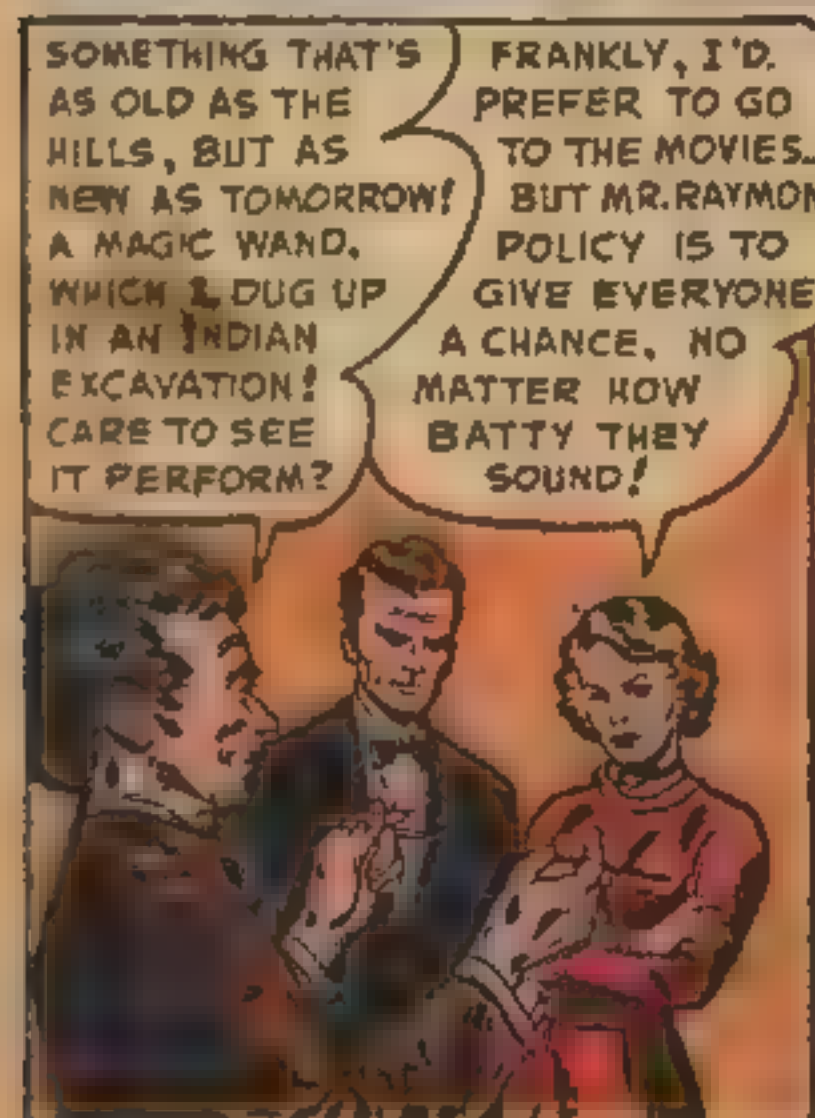
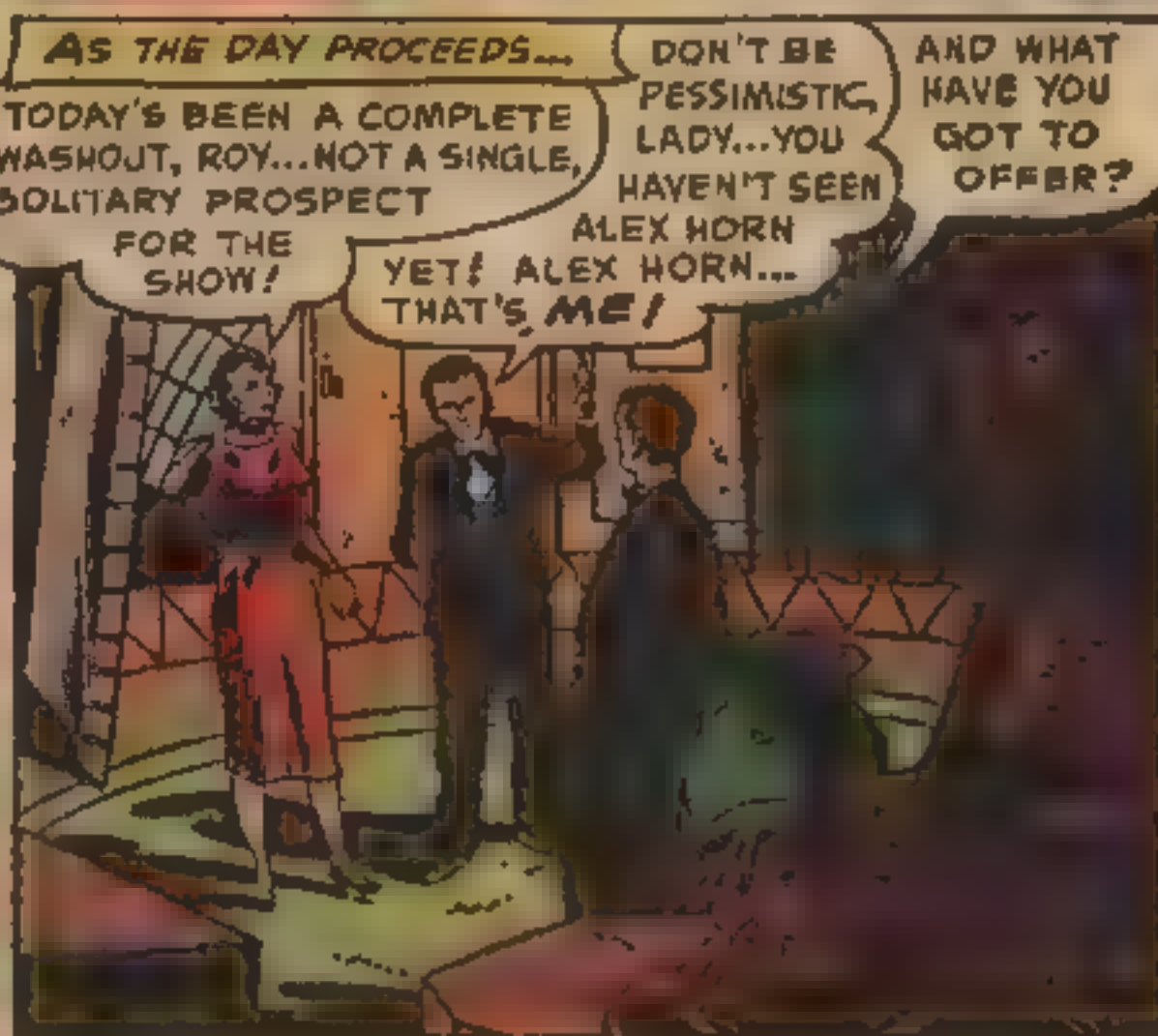
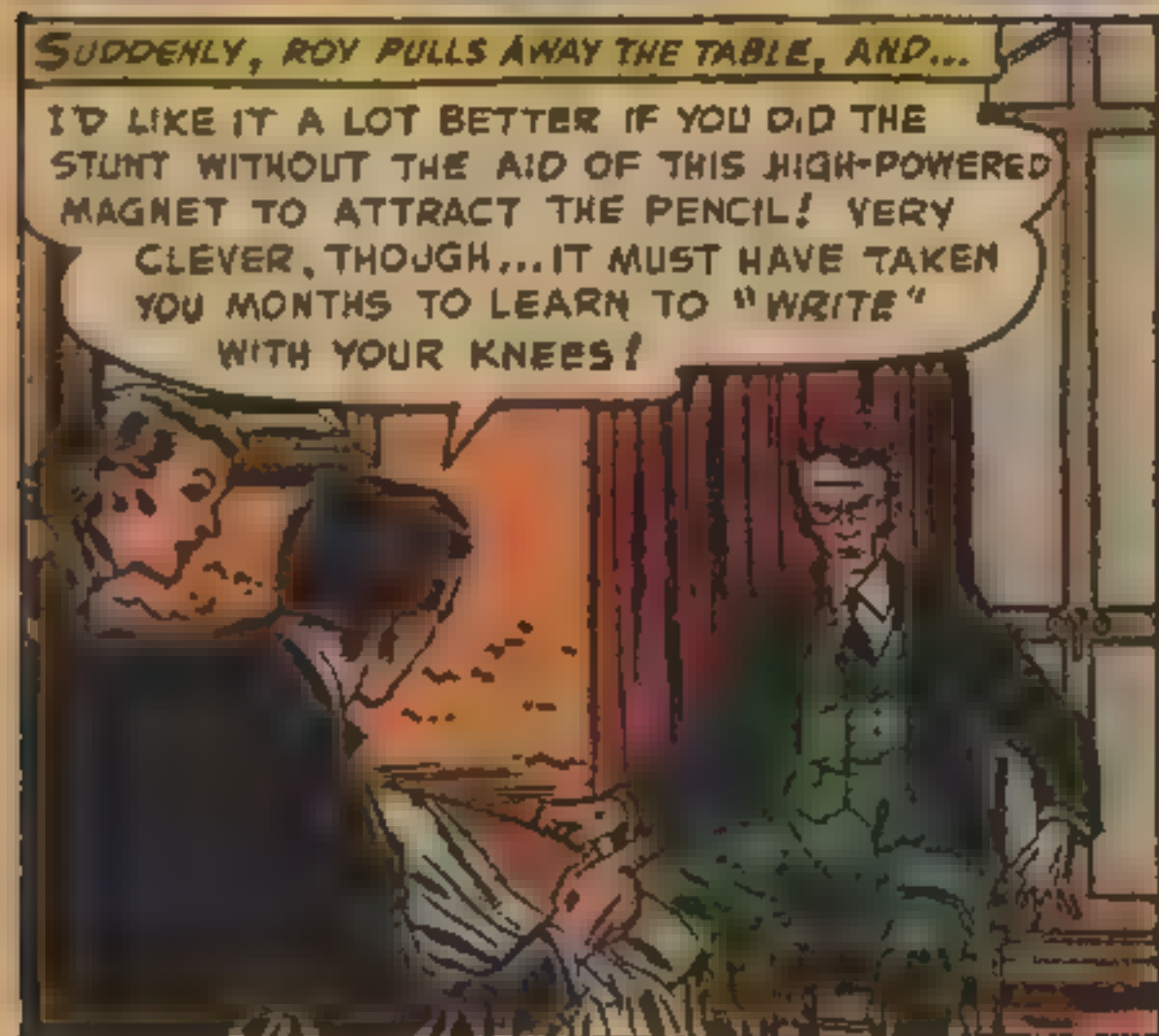
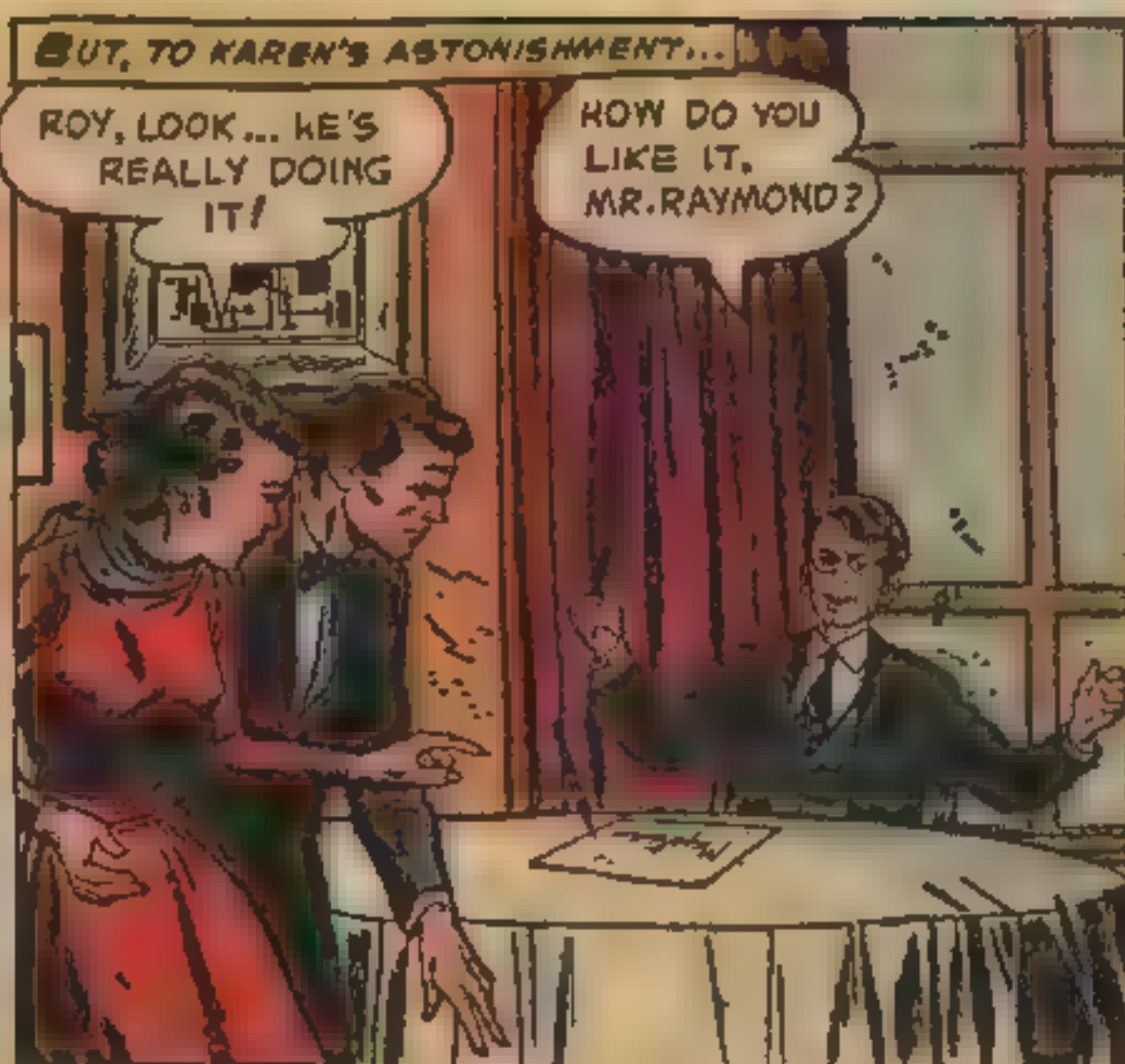
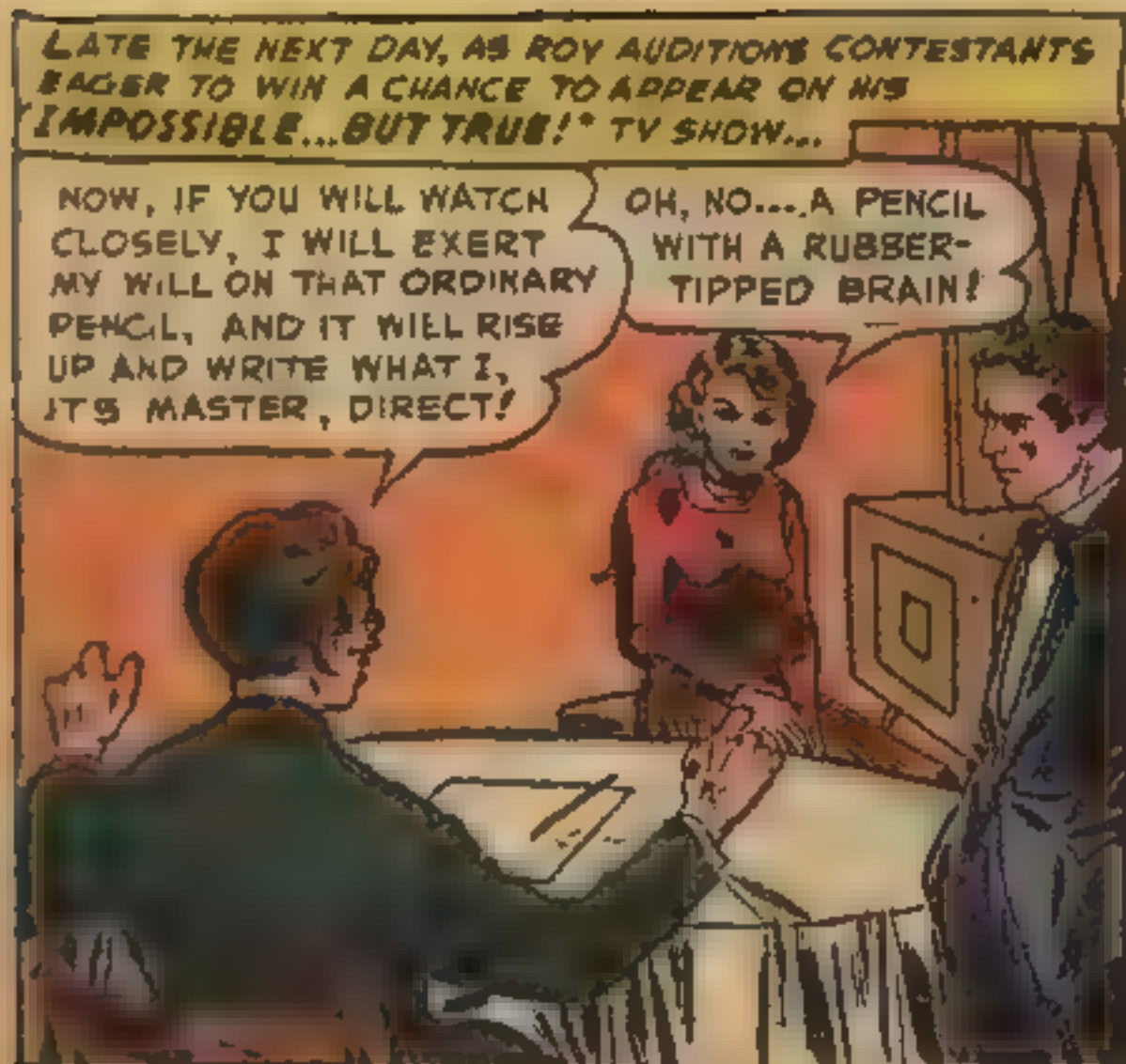
MISSED 'IM!

ANGERED BY THE BREAK-IN...

SAY, WHAT KIND OF A HOTEL IS THIS ANYWAY? THIS IS THE SECOND TIME IN A MONTH MY ROOM HAS BEEN ENTERED! ...NO. NOTHING WAS TAKEN... I SCARED HIM OFF!









THE MAN WITH THE WAND PASSES A CUP TO ROY, AND THEN...

OKAY, MR. HORN... I'VE EXAMINED THE CUP AND ATTEST THAT IT IS MADE OF IRON, AS YOU CLAIM! NOW WHAT?

JUST STEP BACK, WHILE I WAVE THE MAGIC WAND, AND YOU'LL SEE!

SUDDENLY, IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THERE IS A HISSING SOUND, AS...

CAREFUL, KAREN!

T-THAT BLINDING LIGHT!

THEN, AS THE ACRID SMOKE RISES...

THERE YOU ARE! STERLING SILVER! BRING IN ANY JEWELER YOU LIKE TO EXAMINE IT!

I DON'T HAVE TO... I CAN TELL IT'S STERLING A MILE AWAY! WHAT...ER, DO YOU THINK ROY?

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND... WHILE WE WERE TEMPORARILY BLINDED BY THAT LIGHT!

MIND WAVING THAT WAND AT ANOTHER OBJECT, MR. HORN? I'D LIKE TO WATCH YOU...THROUGH A PAIR OF SMOKED GLASSES!

OKAY! BUT, I MUST WARN YOU, THE WAND'S POWER SEEMS TO BE LIMITED TO ONLY A FEW DEMONSTRATIONS ON A SINGLE DAY! THEN, I MUST LAY IT ASIDE FOR 12 HOURS WHILE IT RENEWS ITS MAGICAL FORCE!

NOW LET HIM TRY HIS SLEIGHT-OF-HAND ON ME!

BEFORE I BEGIN, I WOULD LIKE TO ASK THE YOUNG LADY TO IDENTIFY THE OBJECT ON THE TABLE!

IT'S A BRASS LAMP! I HAVE ONE VERY MUCH LIKE IT AT HOME!

READY? NOW WATCH CLOSELY THROUGH THOSE SMOKED GLASSES OF YOURS, MR. RAYMOND!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK ME TWICE, MR. HORN!

AS A SECOND BLINDING FLASH FOLLOWS THE WAVE OF THE WAND...

AMM... NO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND THIS TIME!

WHAT DOES ROY SEE..?



AND AFTER ROY EXAMINES THE GLEAMING METAL...

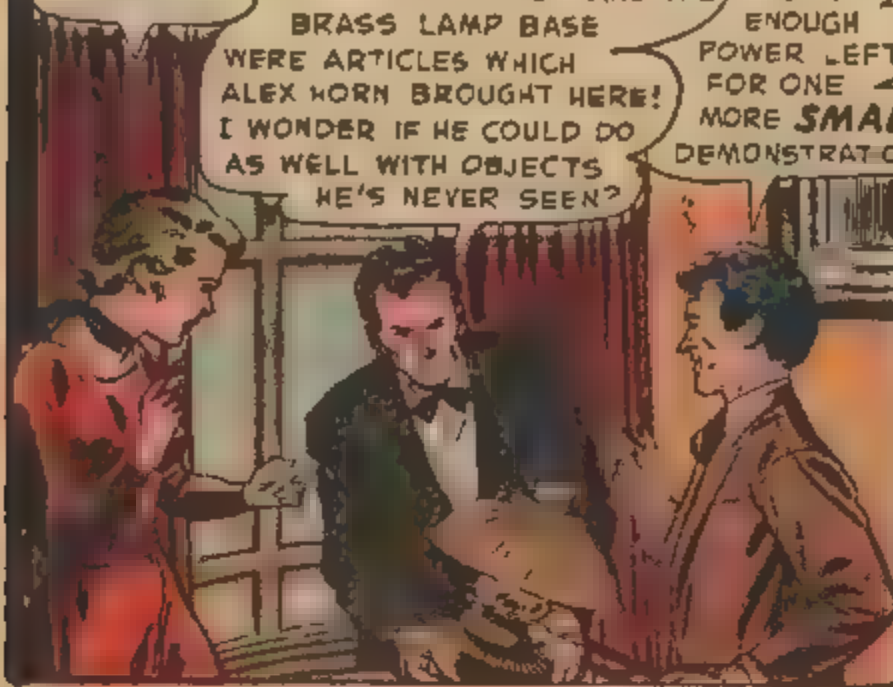
R-ROY, IT'S TURNED INTO **GOLD**, SURE ENOUGH!

MM, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! BUT BOTH THE IRON CLIP AND THE BRASS LAMP BASE WERE ARTICLES WHICH ALEX HORN BROUGHT HERE! I WONDER IF HE COULD DO AS WELL WITH OBJECTS HE'S NEVER SEEN?

THERE'S JUST ABOUT ENOUGH POWER LEFT FOR ONE MORE **SMALL** DEMONSTRATION!

HAVE YOU A PERSONAL ARTICLE YOU'D LIKE ME TO CONVERT? A STICKPIN, PERHAPS? OR A WRIST-WATCH? I WANT SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO **YOU** SO YOU'LL BE ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED!

NO STICKPIN! BUT I **DO** HAVE A STAINLESS STEEL WRIST WATCH!



I HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH POWER LEFT IN THE WAND! OF COURSE, BY TOMORROW IT WILL BE FULLY REPLENISHED!... I'LL PLACE THE WATCH IN THIS ASH TRAY SO THE TABLE DOESN'T GET SCORCHED! READY, MR. RAYMOND?

GO AHEAD, HORN--- WAVE AWAY!

A THIRD FURIOUS FLASH FILLS THE STUDIO, AND THEN...

R-ROY...DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

IT'S FANTASTIC, KAREN. HIS MAGIC WAND HAS CHANGED MY STAINLESS STEEL WATCH INTO **PLATINUM!**



WELL, DO I MAKE YOUR FRIDAY NIGHT SHOW? THE WAND WILL HAVE ITS FULL POWER BY THEN, AND I'LL PUT ON A DEMONSTRATION YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

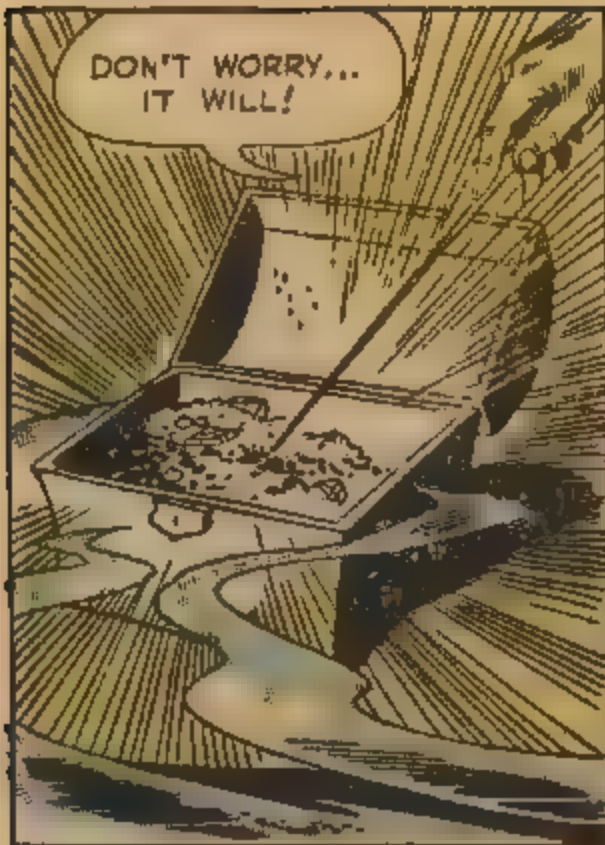
I---I GUESS YOU'RE ON, MR. HORN!

ACCORDINGLY, ON THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY EVENING, AS THE 'IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE!' SHOW REACHES ITS SUSPENSEFUL CLIMAX...

FOLKS, YOU HAVE HEARD MR. DAHL, A DIAMOND EXPERT, TESTIFY THAT THE STONES IN THIS CHEST ARE NOTHING BUT FAKE STAGE DIAMONDS! NOW, ALEX HORN CLAIMS HIS MAGIC WAND WILL CONVERT THEM INTO GENUINE DIAMONDS! LET'S SEE!







DON'T WORRY... IT WILL!

AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

THEY ARE GENUINE... THE MOST AMAZING COLLECTION OF REAL DIAMONDS I HAVE EVER SEEN! I---I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

AND I DON'T!



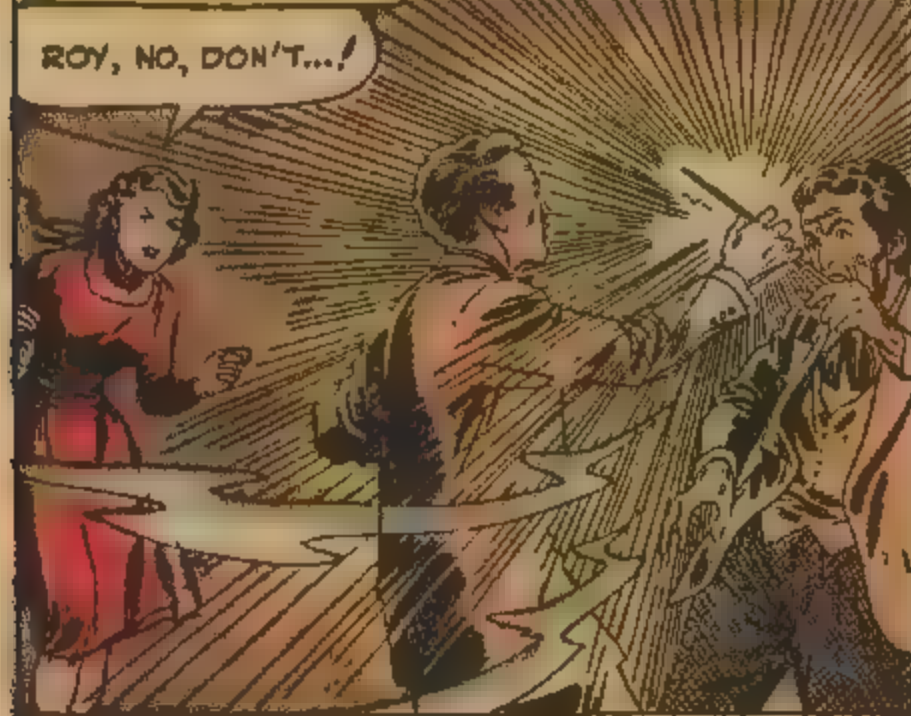
HAND ME THAT WAND, HORN!

NO, NO, YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH IT... IT IS VERY POWERFUL TODAY!



BUT, HEEDLESS OF THE WARNING, AS ROY GRABS HOLD OF THE WAND...

ROY, NO, DON'T...!



THEN, TO EVERYONE'S HORROR...

ROY! H-HE'S...TURNED INTO...GOLD! OH, HOW TERRIBLE!

NO, NO... IT CAN'T BE, IT CAN'T!



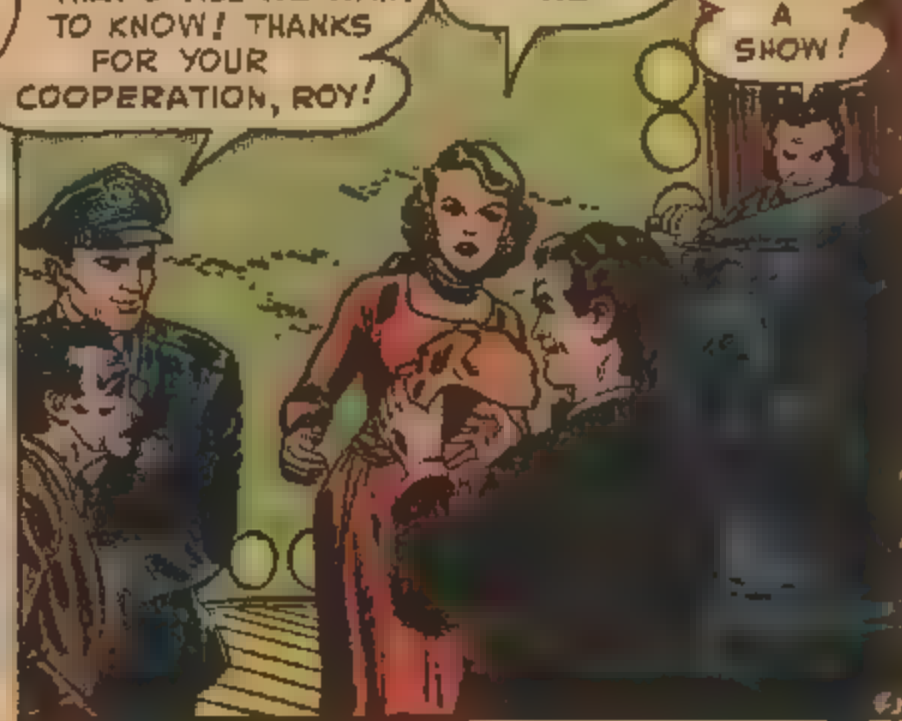
THIS IS MURDER... MISTER!

NO, NO... DON'T SAY THAT! I DIDN'T DO IT! LOOK... THIS WAND... IT'S NOT A MAGIC WAND AT ALL... IT'S JUST A HOAX! THAT'S WHAT ROCKY MASON TOLD ME! IT WAS HIS IDEA! IT'S HIS FAULT!

SO ROCKY MASON WAS BEHIND IT ALL, EH? THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW! THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION, ROY!

S-SAY, W-WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

WHAT A SHOW!







# DETECTIVE COMICS



LATER, AFTER THE PROGRAM ENDS, ROY EXPLAINS.

DON'T YOU GET IT, KAREN? THIS SO-CALLED MAGIC WAND IS NOTHING BUT A SUPER-POWERED ACETYLENE TORCH!

NO, I DON'T GET IT! HOW CAN AN ACETYLENE TORCH TURN ALL THAT BASE METAL INTO GOLD AND SILVER.. AND..

IT DIDN'T! WHAT HORN DID WAS TO COAT THE VARIOUS PRECIOUS OBJECTS WITH A THIN LAYER OF SOME BASE METAL. THEN HE LIGHTED THIS SUPER-POWERED TORCH, WHICH MELTED AWAY THE OUTER COVERING! PRESTO! THE DIAMONDS WERE REAL TO START WITH, BUT COATED WITH GLASS!

BUT, ROY, HE DID IT TO YOUR OWN WATCH! HOW?



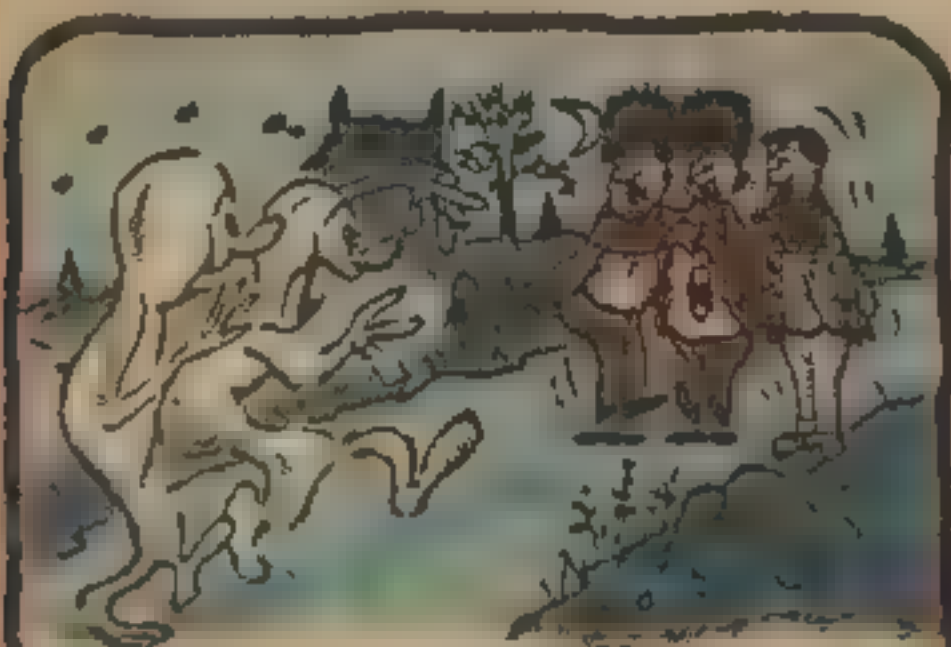
MM... THAT IS HARD TO EXPLAIN... TILL YOU REMEMBER THAT MY ROOM WAS ENTERED TWICE THIS MONTH! THE FIRST TIME WAS TO TAKE A PICTURE OF MY WATCH SO IT COULD BE DUPLICATED IN PLATINUM, AND COVERED WITH STEEL. THE SECOND TIME MY ROOM WAS ENTERED, THE WATCHES WERE SWITCHED!

VERY CUTE! BUT WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE? AND WHAT PUT YOU WISE TO HIM, ROY?

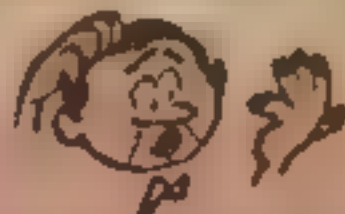
IT WAS ALL A BUILD-UP TO ACCOUNT FOR HOT DIAMONDS WHICH ROCKY'S GANG HAD STOLEN YEARS AGO!... I CAUGHT ON TO HORN WHEN HE PUT THE WATCH ON THIS ASH TRAY TO PROTECT THE TABLE! IF THAT WAND REALLY WORKED, WE'D HAVE HAD A PLATINUM ASH TRAY, TOO! GET IT?



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HERE'S THE MAZE OF MIRRORS, PUD-  
YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE MAZE IN 10 MINUTES-  
SHUCKS! I'LL FIND MY WAY THROUGH IN FIVE!  
I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A ROLLER COASTER RIDE IF YOU DO!

BEFORE I GO, HERE'S SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM FOR EVERYBODY.  
THANKS, PUD-WE'LL HAVE FUN WHILE YOU'RE GONE!

PUD'S BEEN GONE 3 MINUTES ALREADY-  
HE'LL BE LUCKY TO FIND HIS WAY OUT AT ALL!  
POP!

LET'S GO TO THE ROLLER COASTER!  
EXIT  
YOU MADE IT WITH ONE MINUTE TO SPARE!  
POP!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOWD YOU DO IT SO FAST?  
EASY! I JUST LISTENED TO ALL OF YOU POPPING YOUR DUBBLE BUBBLE!  
AND YOU FOLLOWED THE SOUND!  
DUBBLE BUBBLE WORKS EVERY TIME!

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- WITH A SECRET TASTE THAT LASTS A LONG, LONG TIME!  
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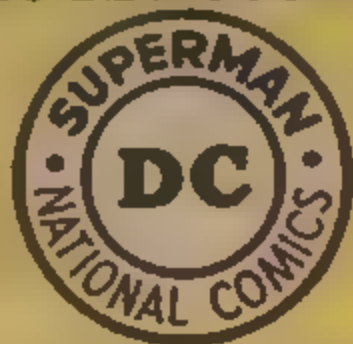
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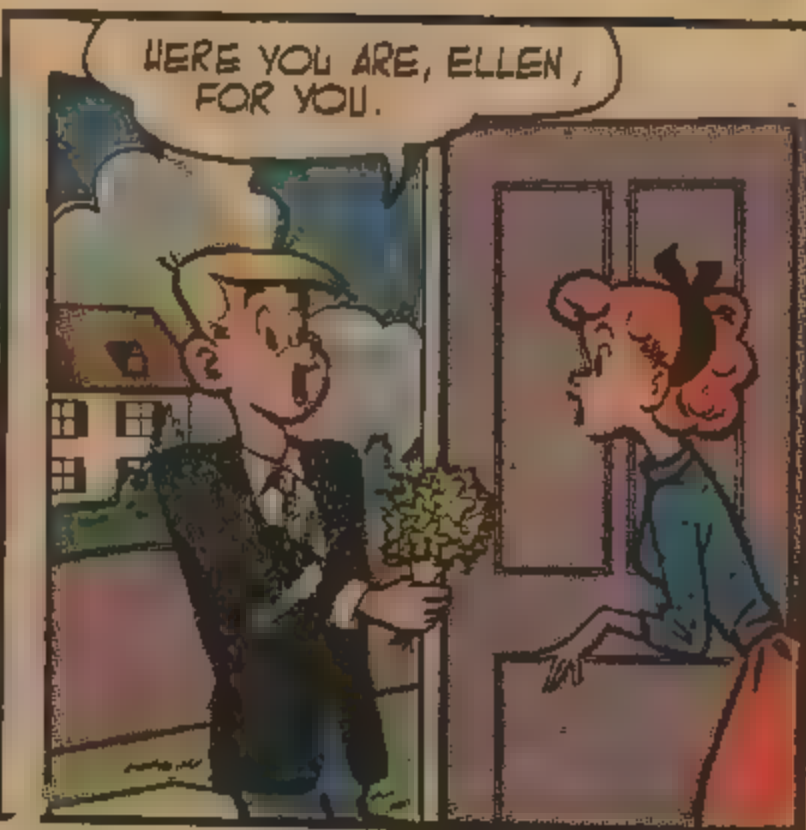
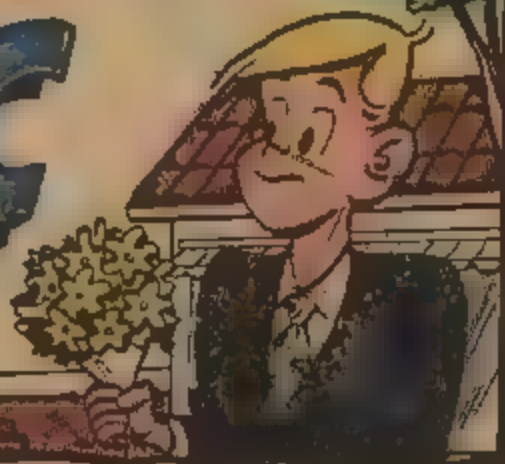
BE SURE  
TO GET THE  
LATEST ISSUE  
OF  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
Dean  
**MARTIN** and  
Jerry  
**LEWIS**  
TODAY!



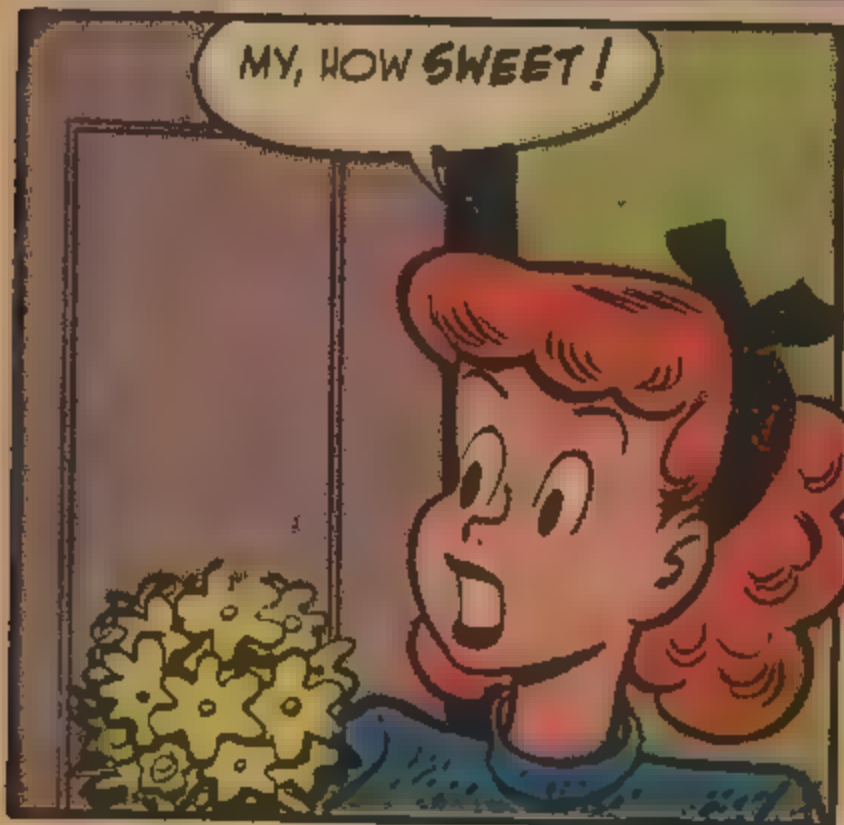


# **VARSITY VIC**

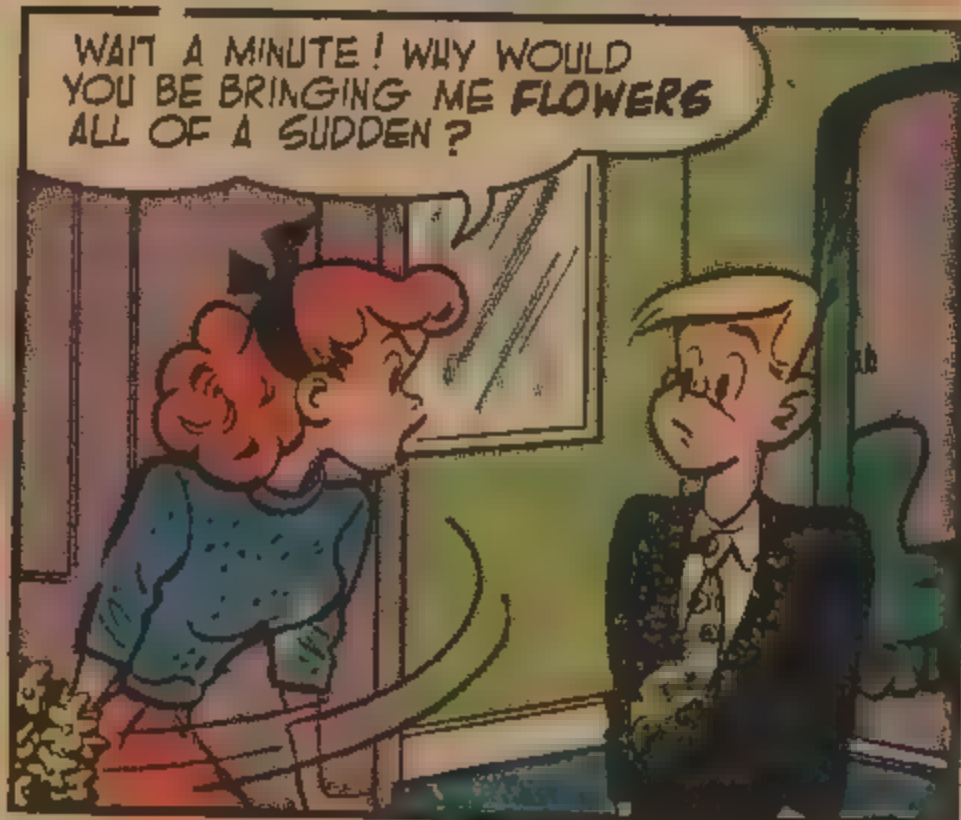
HENRY  
BOLTHOFF



MY, HOW SWEET!

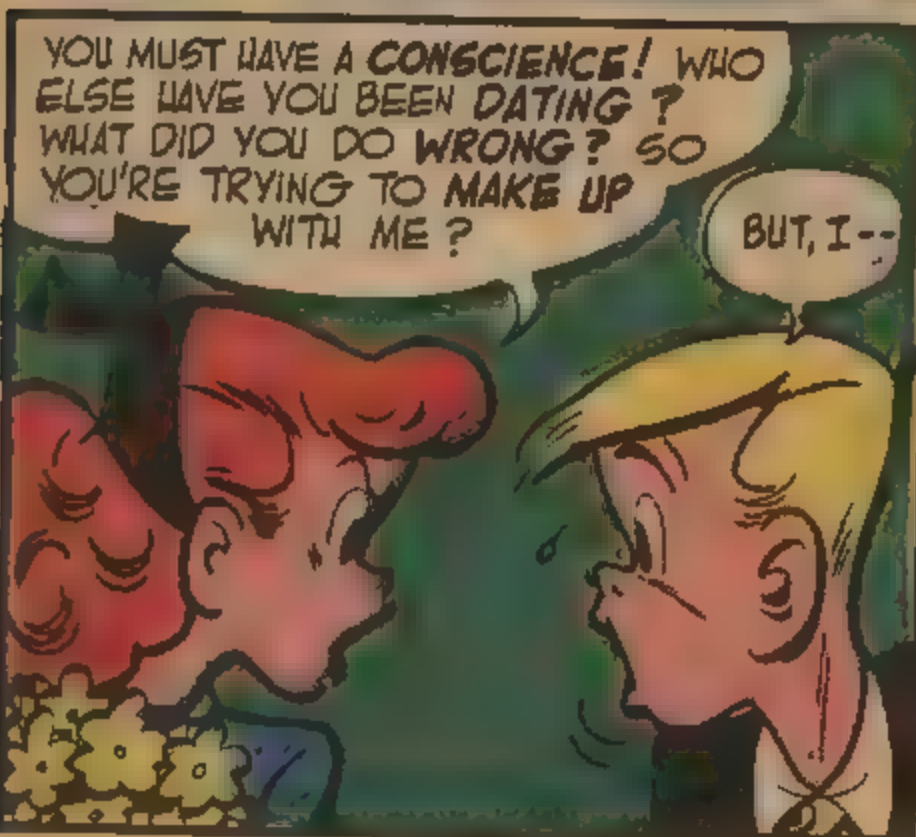


WAIT A MINUTE! WHY WOULD  
YOU BE BRINGING ME FLOWERS  
ALL OF A SUDDEN?

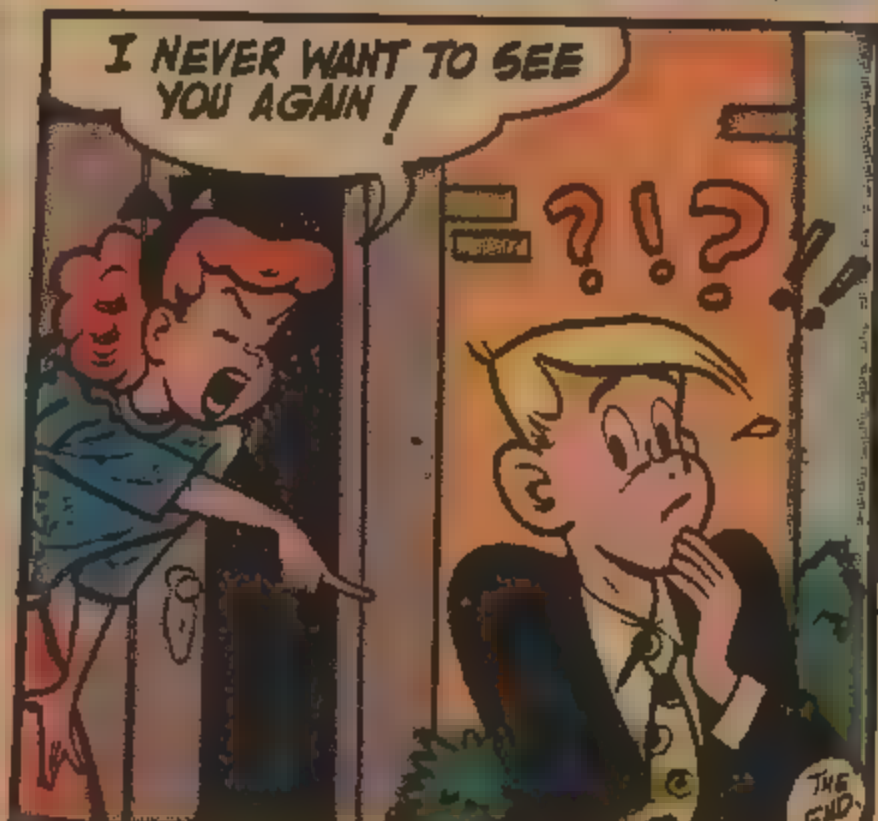


YOU MUST HAVE A CONSCIENCE! WHO  
ELSE HAVE YOU BEEN DATING?  
WHAT DID YOU DO WRONG? SO  
YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE UP  
WITH ME?

BUT, I--



I NEVER WANT TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN!



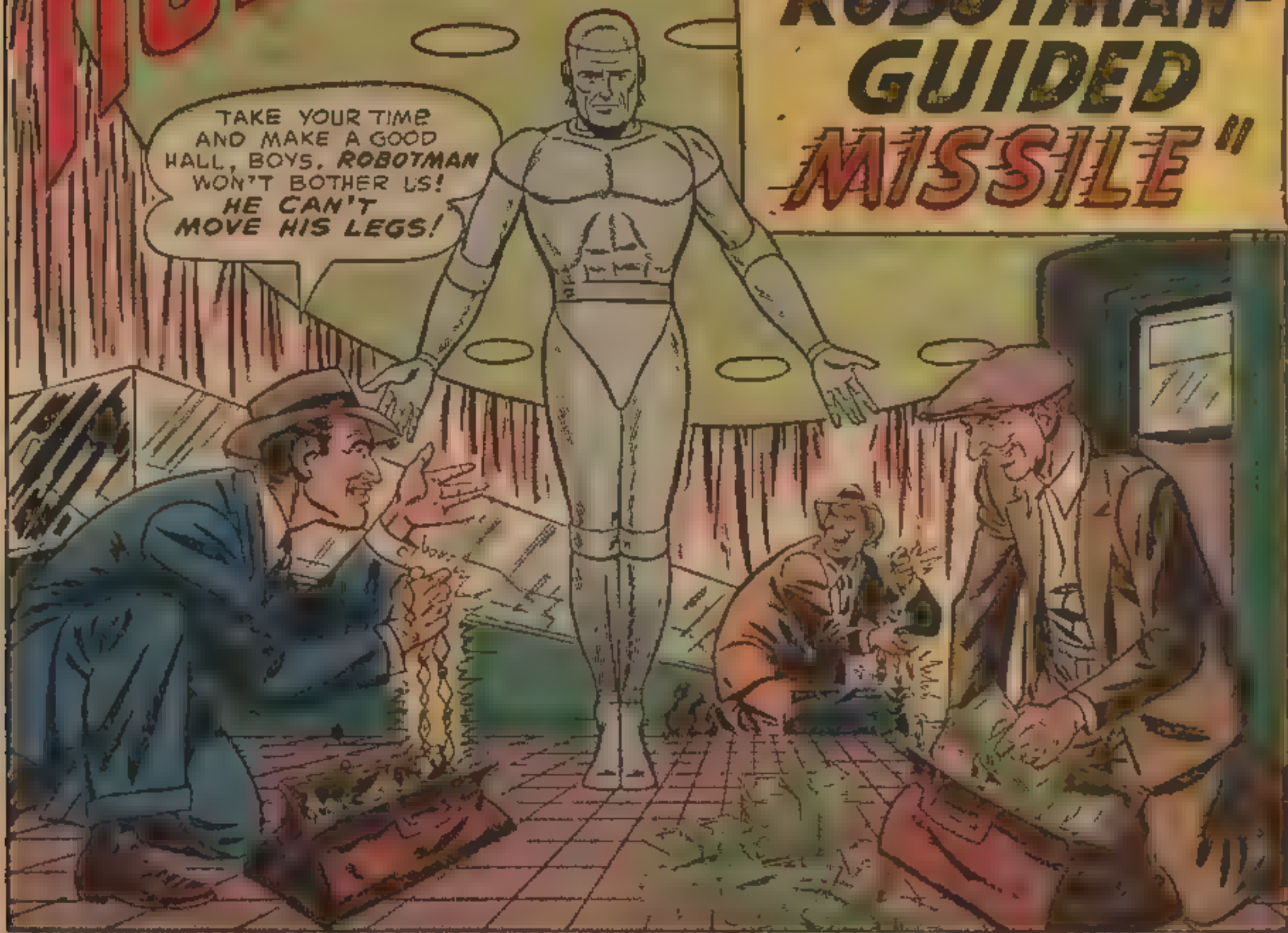


# ROBOTMAN

A FREAK ACCIDENT... AND SUDDENLY ROBOTMAN LOSES HIS POWER OF LOCOMOTION. IS THE MAN OF METAL THROUGH? THAT'S WHAT THE UNDER-WORLD THINKS UNTIL THEY MEET THE FLYING CHAMPION OF JUSTICE KNOWN AS...

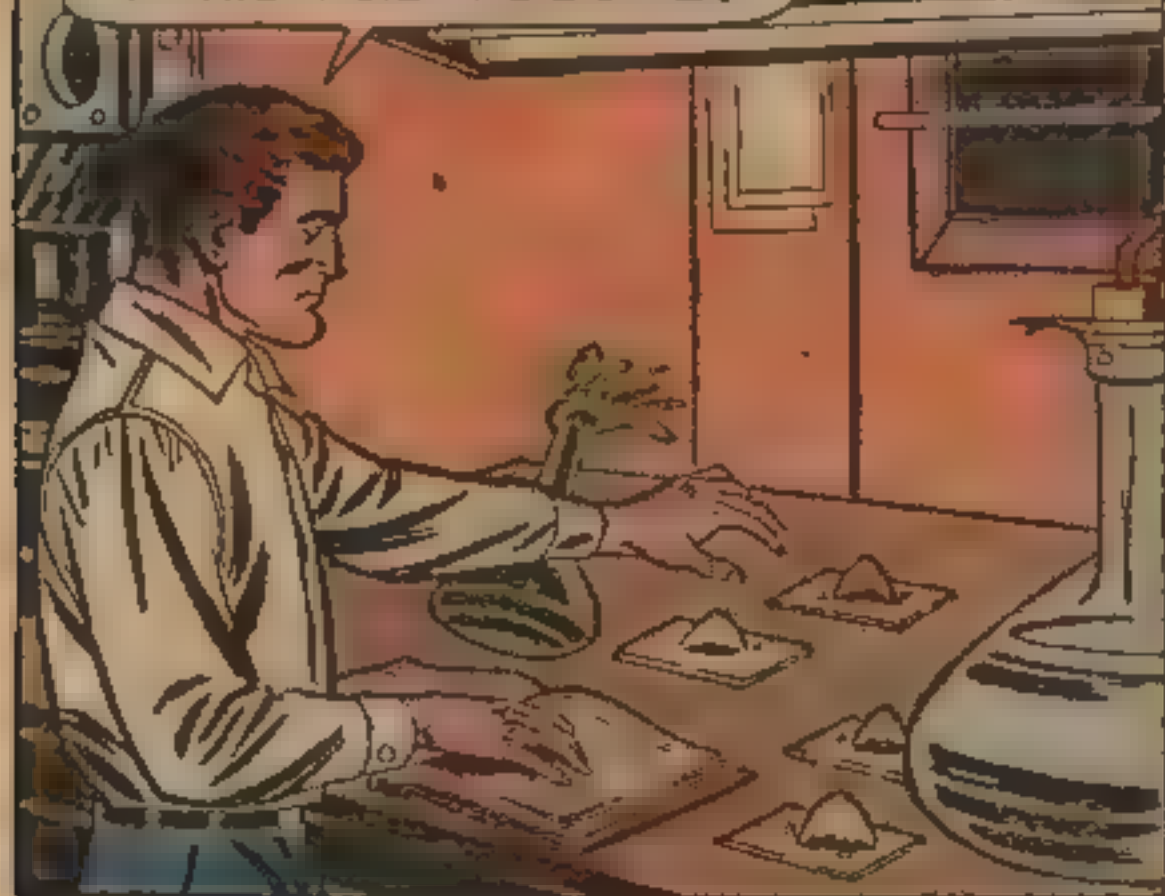
## "ROBOTMAN-GUIDED MISSILE"

TAKE YOUR TIME AND MAKE A GOOD HALL, BOYS. ROBOTMAN WON'T BOTHER US! HE CAN'T MOVE HIS LEGS!



AS PAUL DENNIS, SECRETLY ROBOTMAN, WORKS IN HIS PRIVATE LABORATORY...

LET'S SEE, NOW. I'LL NEED SOME MORE NITRIC ACID... OOPS!



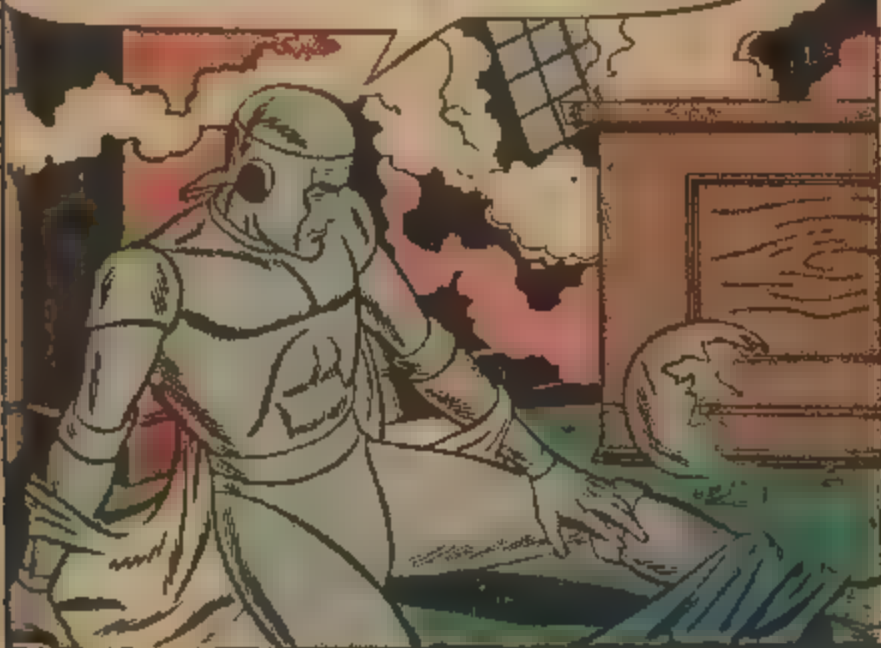
A MOMENT LATER, AS THE DEADLY ACID SPILLS OVER THE POWDERS, THE REACTION CAUSES AN EXPLOSION, AND...



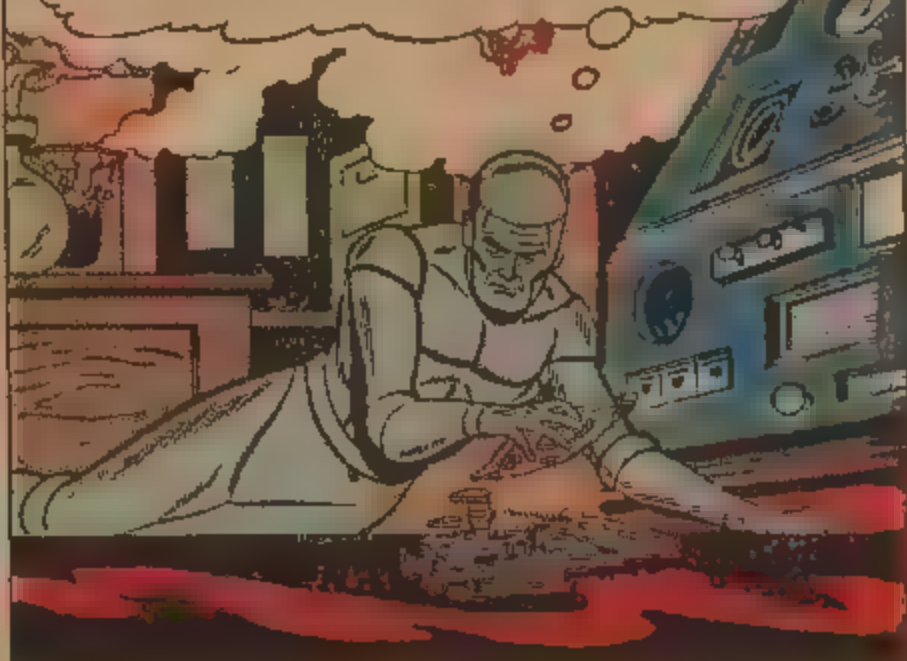


CLOTHES FLY FROM PAUL DENNIS' BODY, REVEALING HIS OTHER IDENTITY--ROBOTMAN!

THE MACHINERY THAT CONTROLS MY LEGS.. SHATTERED! I CAN'T MOVE THEM. GOT TO PULL MYSELF ALONG BY MY HANDS!



I'LL NEED A FEW MORE PARTS, THEN I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW. BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I'M HELPLESS! I'LL RADIO THE CHIEF OF POLICE, TO LET HIM KNOW I CAN'T HELP HIM FIGHT CRIME FOR A FEW DAYS!



PRESENTLY, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

BOYS, GET A LOAD OF THIS! **ROBOTMAN** IS TELLING THE COPS HE'S LAID UP FOR REPAIRS!



THIS IS LIKE A DREAM! WE GOT THE WHOLE CITY TO ROB, AND NO **ROBOTMAN** TO BOTHER US!

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET AROUND FOR AT LEAST FOUR DAYS, UNTIL THE NEW PARTS ARRIVE! BY THAT TIME, WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES!



SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE UNDERWORLD STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH AMAZING SUCCESS...



AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

**ROBOTMAN**, WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MEN ON THE FORCE TO COPE WITH THESE RATS!

WE KNOW YOU CAN'T WALK OR RUN, BUT SN'T THERE **ANY** WAY YOU CAN HANDLE THIS CRIME WAVE?





I'VE GOT AN IDEA... BUT I'LL NEED THE COOPERATION OF YOUR RADIO SQUAD. LISTEN...

WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CRIMINALS...

EVERY TIME SOMETHING HAPPENS TO **ROBOTMAN**, HE ALWAYS FIGURES OUT SOME WAY TO SOLVE HIS TROUBLE. THIS TIME, THERE ISN'T A THING HE CAN DO! WE'RE SAFE!

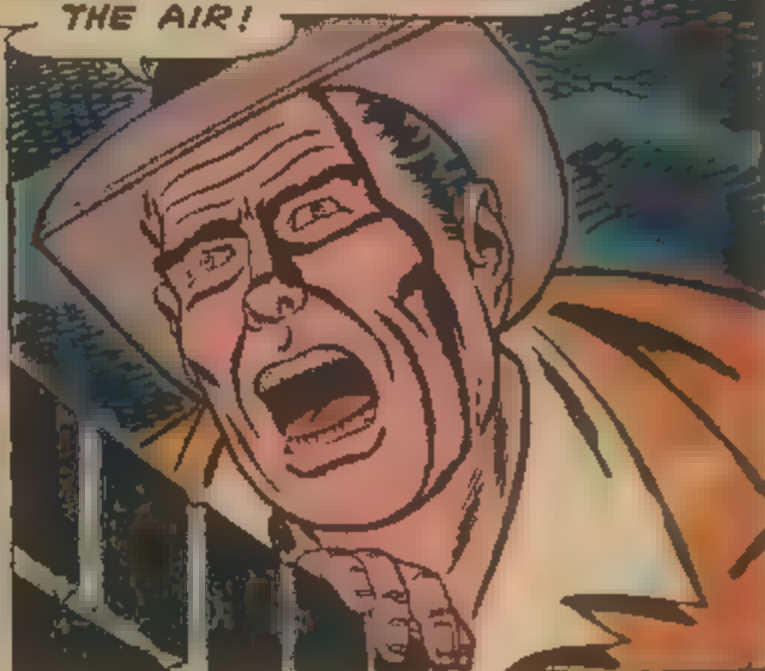


THAT NIGHT, AS THE CROOKS CRACK THE SAFE OF A LOCAL FACTORY...

LISTEN! I HEAR A WHISTLING SOUND!



I'LL SAY YOU DO! IT'S **ROBOTMAN**... AND HE'S **FLYING THROUGH THE AIR!**



I'VE INSTALLED A RADIO CONTROL UNIT INSIDE MY CHEST, AND TURNED MYSELF INTO A **GUIDED MISSILE!** RADIO POLICEMEN AT HEADQUARTERS WORK THE RADIO BEAMS THAT CONTROL MY FLYING IN RESPONSE TO MY DIRECTIONS!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID **ROBOTMAN** COULDN'T GET AROUND!

HE CAN'T... NOT BY HIMSELF! IT'S A **TRICK** OF SOME SORT!





TRICK OR NOT, YOU CHARACTERS WILL SERVE JUST AS LONG A JAIL TERM FOR ROBBERY... ALL RIGHT, BOYS, TURN ME AROUND SO I CAN GO AFTER THE OTHERS!



I HAVE THEM IN VIEW! FEED THE JUICE TO ME, WHO'S HE TALKING TO?



WHO CARES? LET'S CONCENTRATE ON GETTING AWAY FROM HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THAT'S A CLEVER TELEVISION CAMERA **ROBOTMAN** BUILT INTO HIS CHEST, CONCEALED SO THAT CROOKS CAN'T NOTICE IT..

RIGHT! WE CAN SEE JUST WHAT HE CAN SEE, AND ACT ACCORDINGLY!

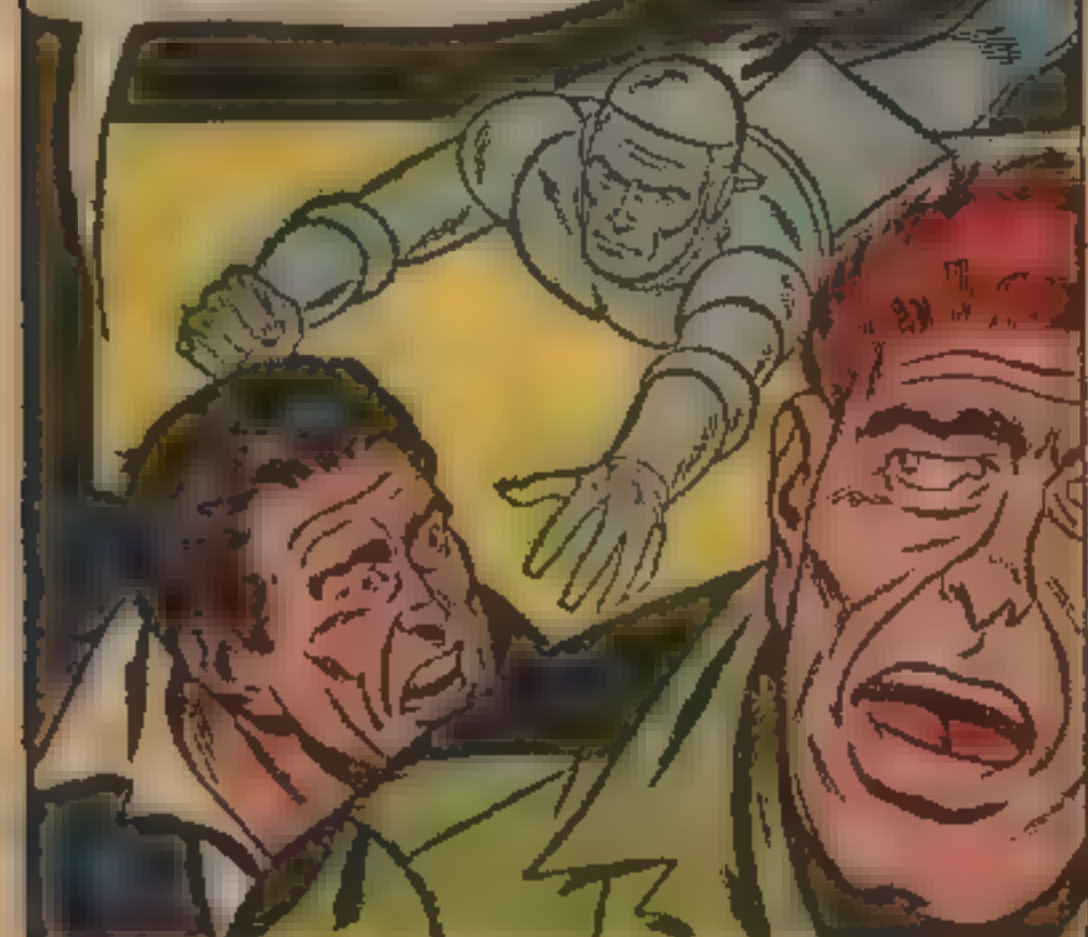


HE WANTS TO CATCH THOSE CROOKS RUNNING AWAY! I'LL GUIDE HIM TO THEM!

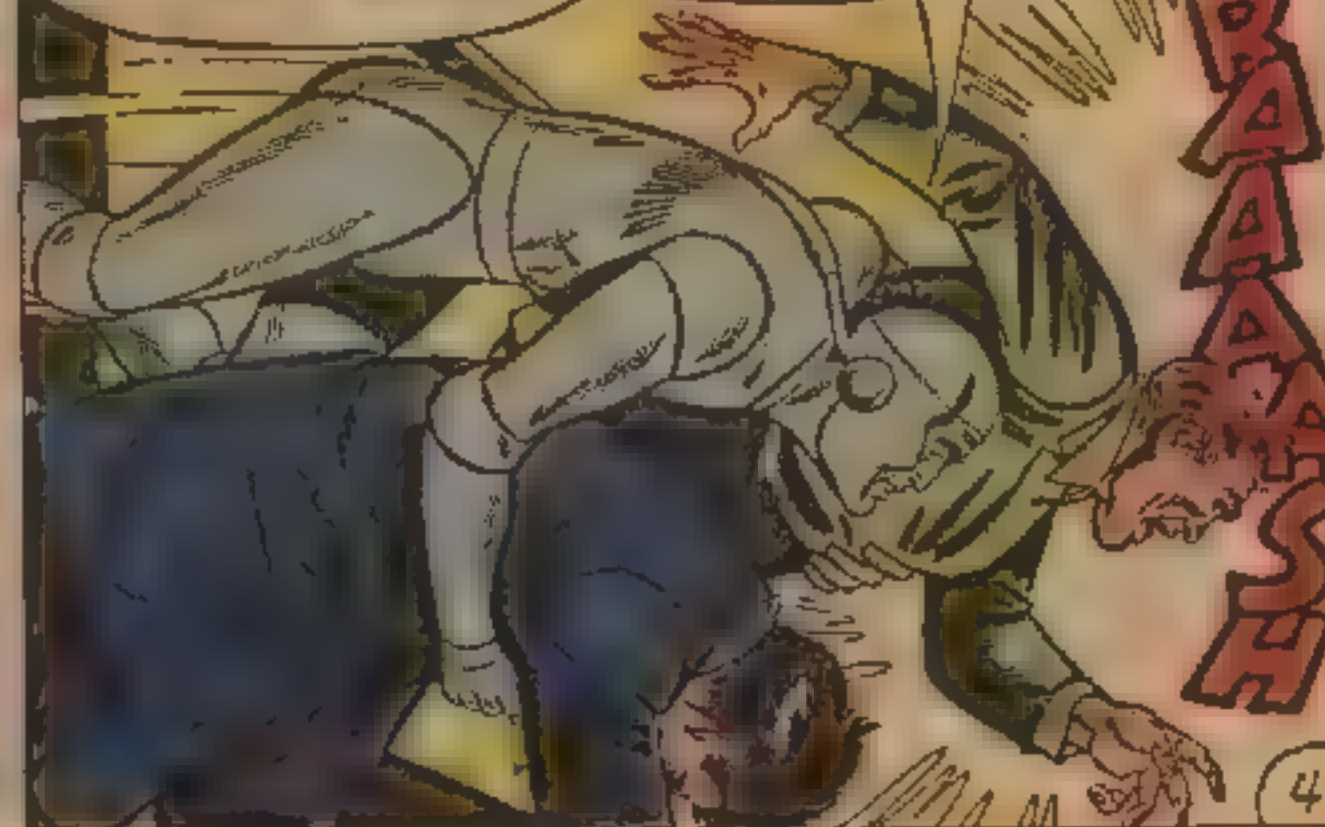
...WHILE I GIVE HIM ALL THE SPEED HE WANTS!



Y-I-I-I-I! IT'S LIKE HE WAS A CANNONBALL... AIMED RIGHT AT US!



OOPS! SORRY! THE BOYS WHO ARE GUIDING ME BY RADIO BEAM DIDN'T SEE THAT WALL IN TIME! THE COLLISION DIDN'T HURT ME, BUT MY TWO CROOKED CHUMS HERE ARE OUT LIKE BROKEN LIGHT BULBS!

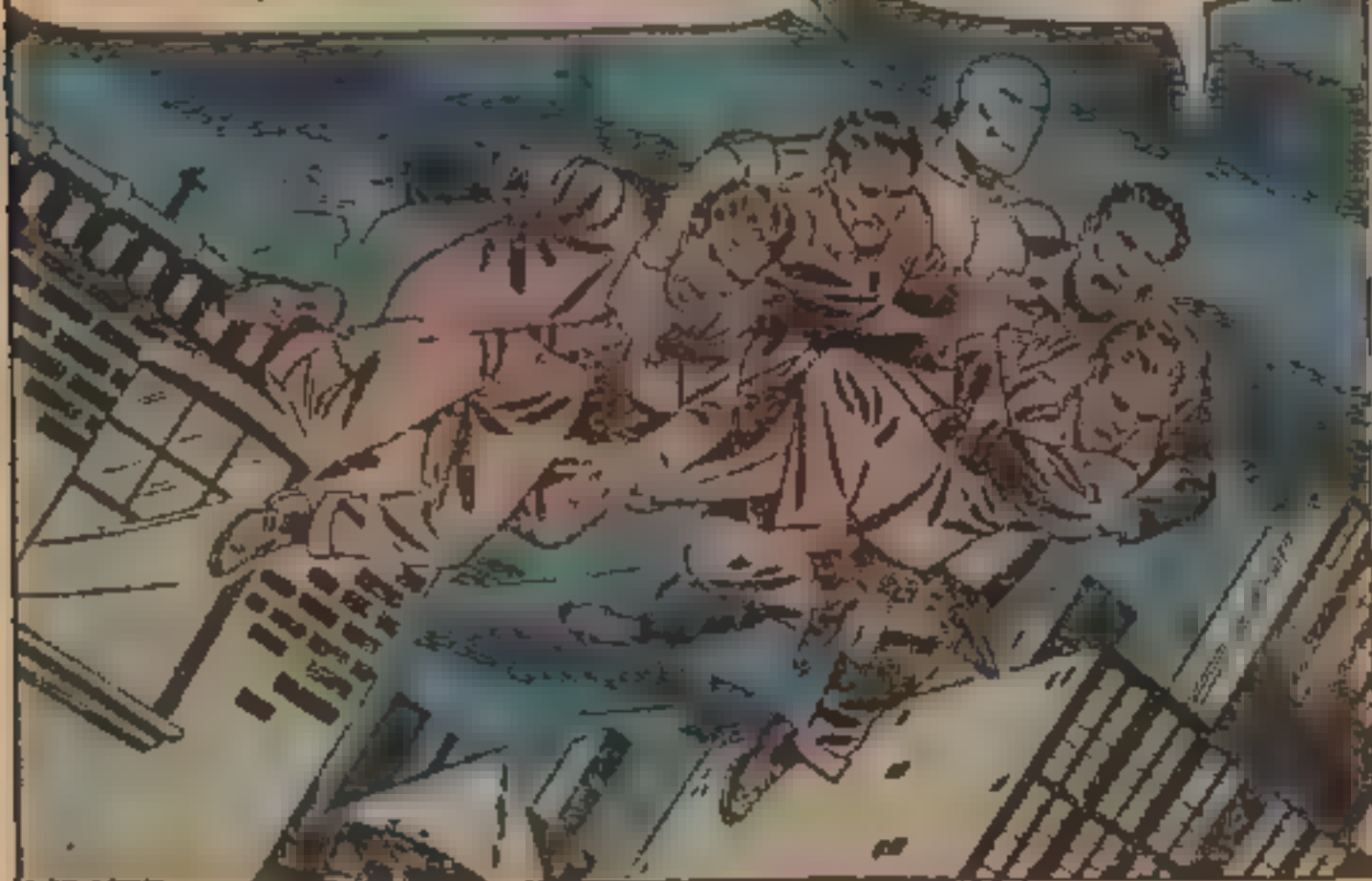


CRAASH



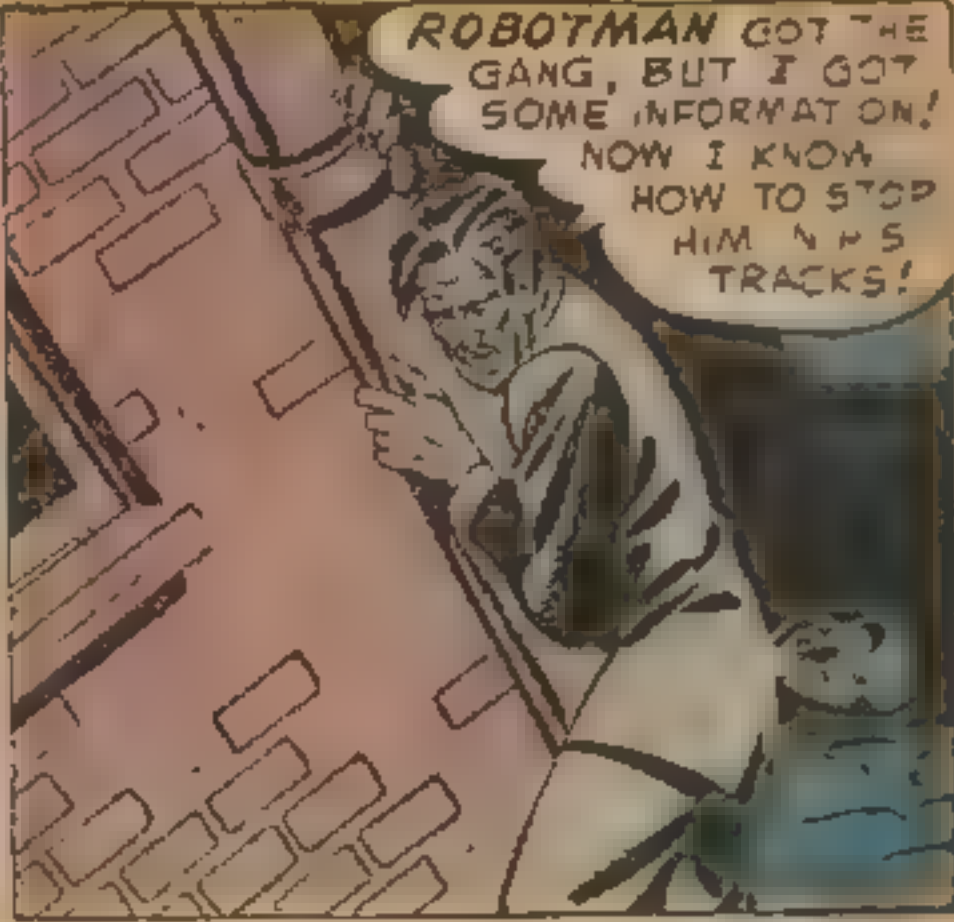
HANG ON! I HAVE ALL OF YOU BUT ONE, AND I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOU UNTIL I GET YOU SAFE BEHIND BARS!

OKAY...PUT ME IN JAIL...ANYWHERE...SO LONG AS IT'S ON LAND!



AS THE RADIO BEAM GUIDES ROBOTMAN TO THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE, THE REMAINING FREE MEMBER OF THE GANG SLIDES DOWN A DRAIN PIPE...

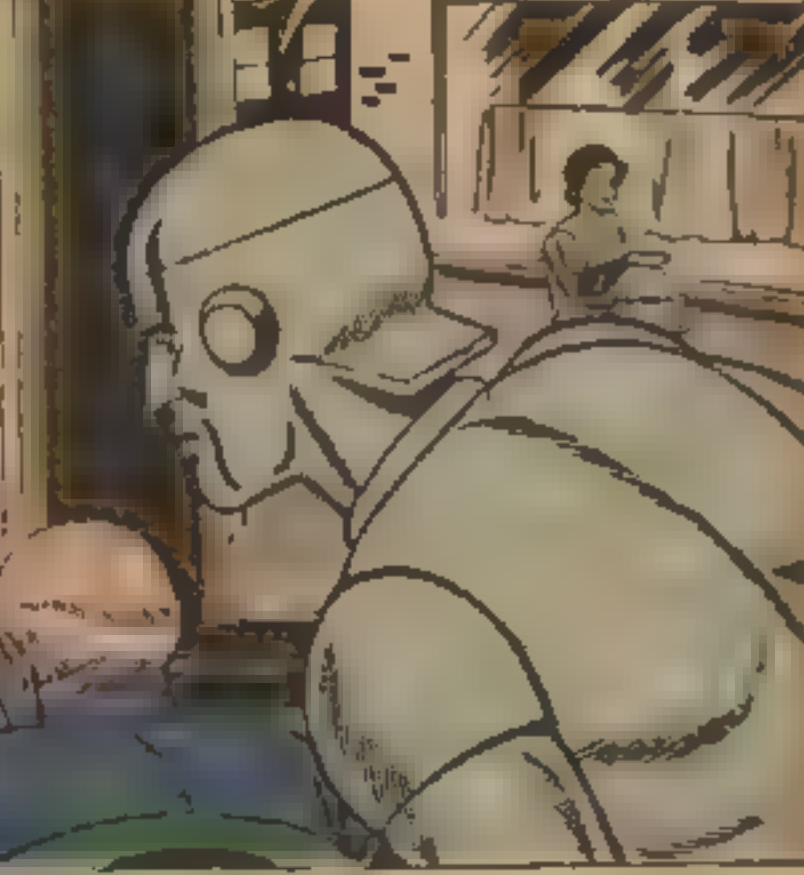
ROBOTMAN GOT THE GANG, BUT I GOT SOME INFORMATION! NOW I KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM AND HIS TRACKS!



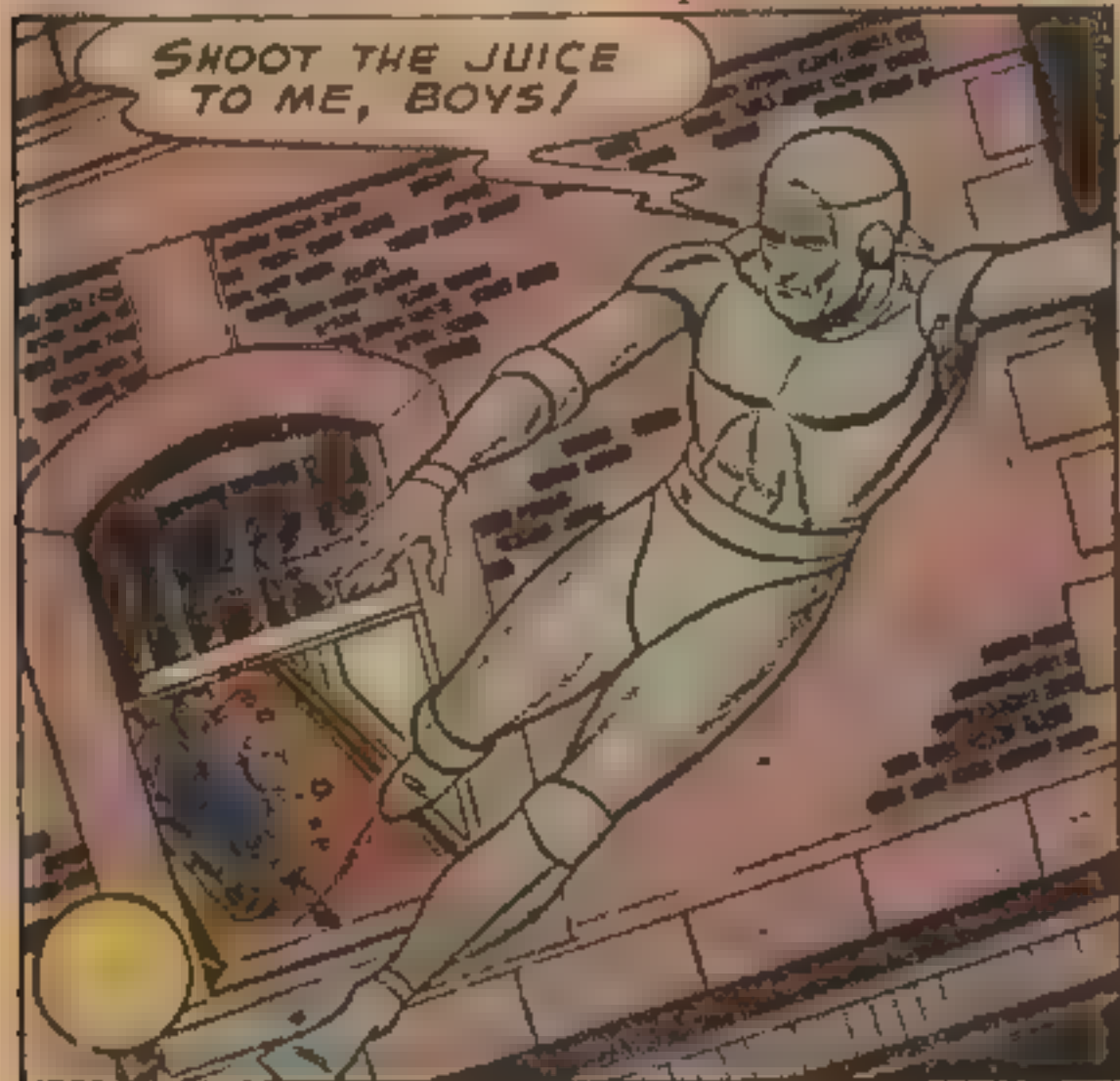
ROBOTMAN'S TURNED HIMSELF INTO A GUIDED MISSILE, OPERATING ON A RADIO BEAM. HA! NEXT TIME HE TURNS UP, WELL I'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR HIM!

THE NEXT NIGHT, AS ROBOTMAN SCANS THE TELEVISION SCREENS THAT KEEP SENTINEL OVER THE CITY FROM HIDDEN CAMERAS...

THERE THEY GO... INTO THE HOUSE OF JEWELS!



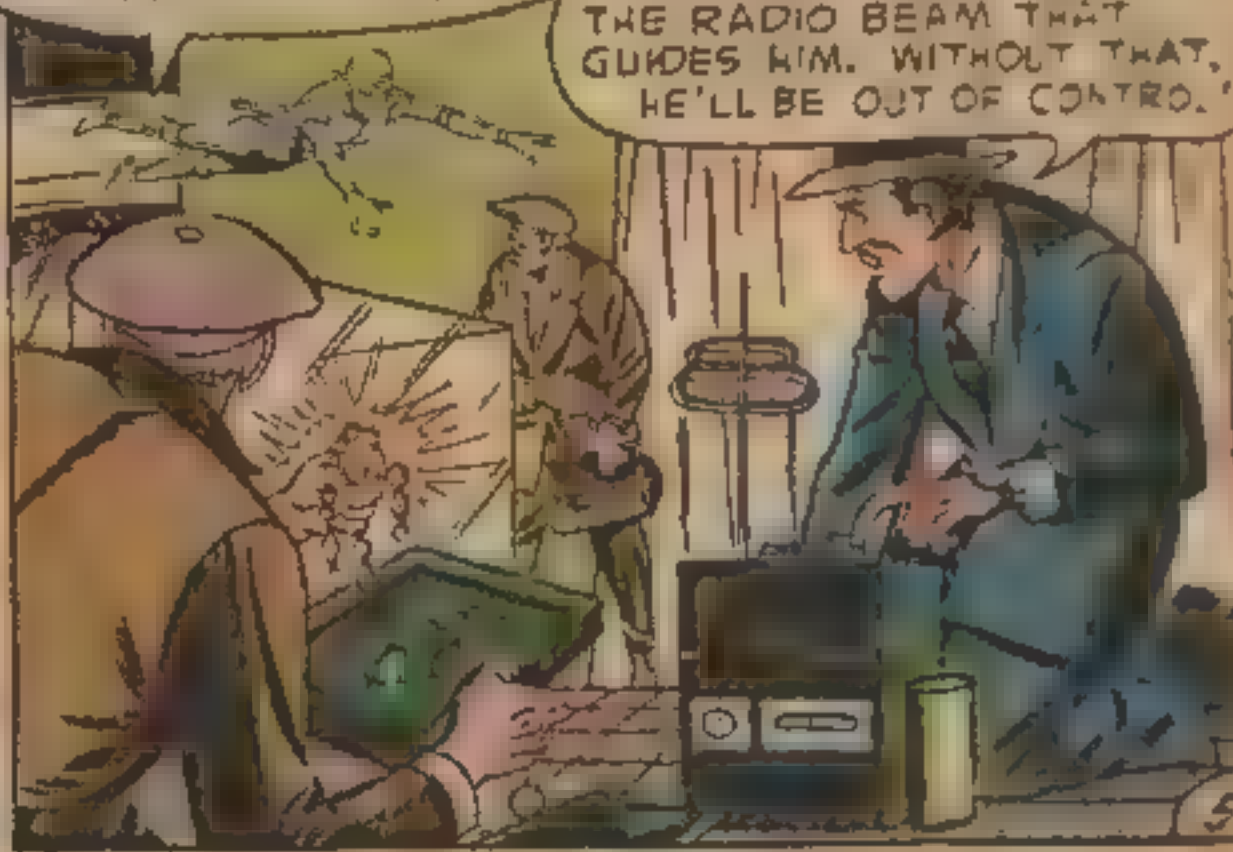
SHOOT THE JUICE TO ME, BOYS!



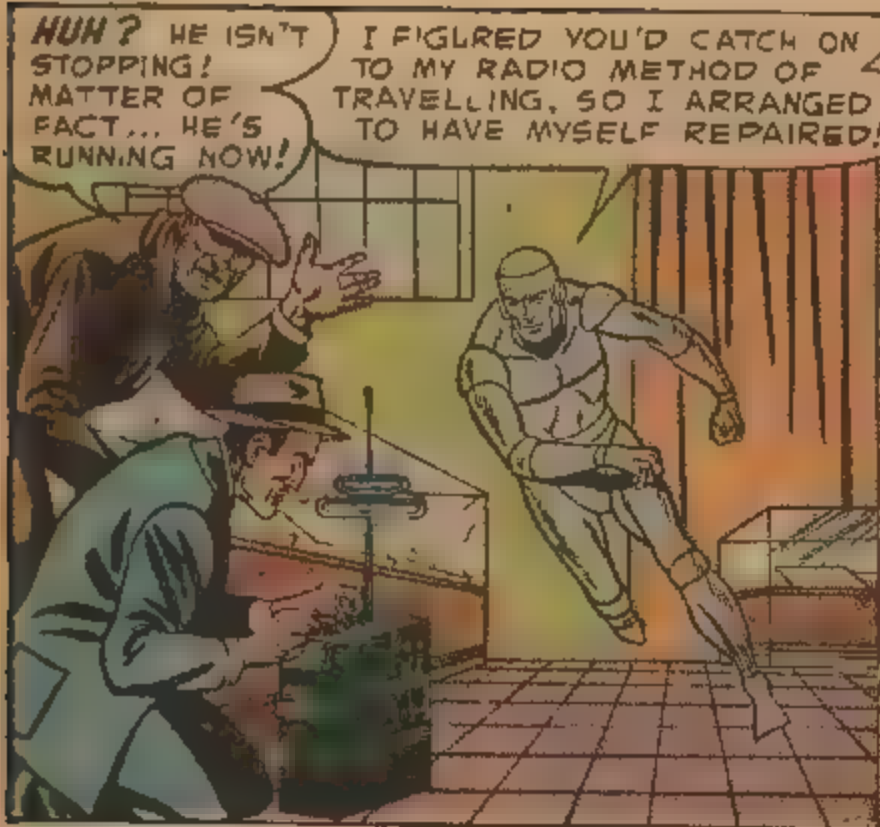
PRESENTLY, AT THE WORLD-FAMOUS HOUSE OF JEWELS...

HERE COMES ROBOTMAN! YOU SAID YOU COULD HANDLE HIM...!

I CAN. WITH THIS SMALL TRANSMITTER IT WILL SEND OUT SIGNALS THAT WILL JAM THE RADIO BEAM THAT GUIDES HIM. WITHOUT THAT, HE'LL BE OUT OF CONTROL.



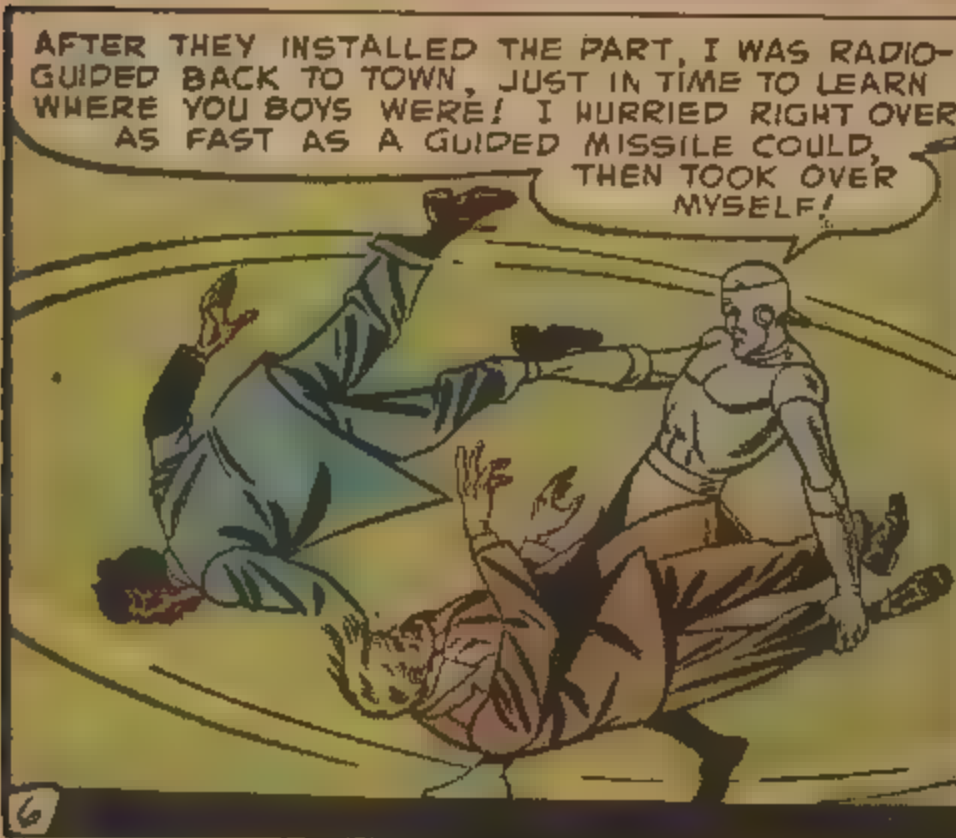




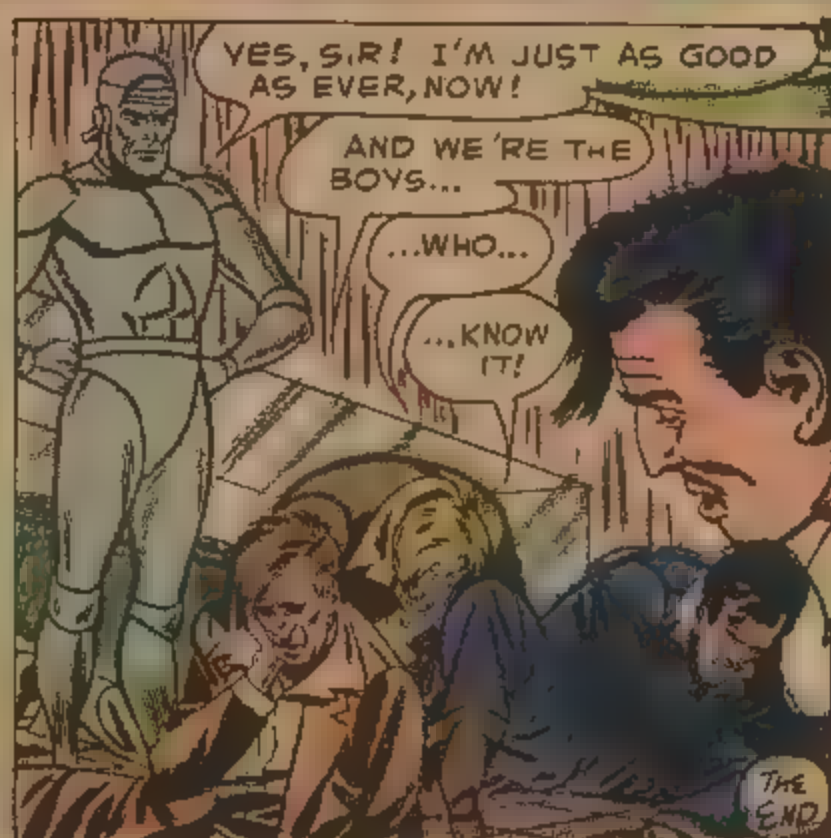
HUN? HE ISN'T STOPPING! MATTER OF FACT... HE'S RUNNING NOW!

I FIGURED YOU'D CATCH ON TO MY RADIO METHOD OF TRAVELLING, SO I ARRANGED TO HAVE MYSELF REPAIRED!

SINCE IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE COMPANY TWO MONTHS TO MAKE THE SPARE PARTS FOR MY ALL-METAL BODY A FEW DAYS TO SHIP THEM TO ME, I HAD THE POLICE SEND ME DIRECT TO THE FACTORY... BY RADIO CONTROL, AS A GUIDED MISSILE!



AFTER THEY INSTALLED THE PART, I WAS RADIO-GUIDED BACK TO TOWN, JUST IN TIME TO LEARN WHERE YOU BOYS WERE! I HURRIED RIGHT OVER AS FAST AS A GUIDED MISSILE COULD, THEN TOOK OVER MYSELF!




YES, SIR! I'M JUST AS GOOD AS EVER, NOW!

AND WE'RE THE BOYS...

...WHO...

...KNOW IT!

THE END



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## There's Real Drama Here—Nothing Powerful, But It Crackles With Intensity

**Y**OU'RE inside a precinct. Not a special precinct—any one. Because they're all alike. The desk might be on the right side in one precinct, and on the left side in another—but in more important ways, they're exactly alike.

An air of subdued activity pervades the place. Lights are shaded. Uniformed men move briskly, efficiently. But people from the outside enter with a feeling of awe, and have a tendency of speaking in hushed tones.

There is real drama in the big room of the precinct, but it isn't the kind that wallops you with a round-house right. It is muted as if all the actors were under-playing their parts.

Alongside the high desk, a switchboard buzzes and flashes. A sergeant, sitting before it, speaks in an unhurried, quiet voice. No matter how hysterical or confused the person on the other end might be, it is the sergeant's job to ferret out the facts.

Many people, facing sudden danger and wanting the aid of the police, do foolish things. Like the man who is awakened in the middle of the night by sounds in the kitchen downstairs. Hastily he crawls out of bed, slips into the other bedrooms to check the family. All are present and accounted for. That means a prowler is in the house.

His heart beating like a trip-hammer, he

grabs the upstairs phone, begs the operator to connect him with the police. At this point Sgt. Connors picks up the phone.

"Tenth precinct. Sgt. Connors," comes his clipped voice over the wire.

His words come tumbling out, as the sergeant jots down the salient facts. "T-There's a prowler in my kitchen, officer! Please, please, come as soon as you can!"

And then, Sgt. Connors hears the click of his phone being hung up.

The sergeant smiles, almost sadly. No name, no address. He jiggles for the operator. And when her voice comes on, "Give me the name and address of that last call, please!" he says.

Moments later, the hapless man recalls his omission, and desperately calls the police again. "I—I was the man who called before about a prowler. I f-forgot to tell you my name and address!"

Sgt. Connors breaks in. "That's okay, Sir. I got it! If you look out the window, you'll probably find the prowler car is already there."

That's that. Sgt. Connors doesn't give the case a second thought. It's now in the capable hands of the police in the prowler car.

He's ready for the next call. And it's never long in coming.



An old woman lost her footing on the curb, and has fallen into the road. She's unconscious. Should the caller carry the woman into the corner drug store?

"No, ma'am. Leave her just where she is, but make sure she's kept covered and warm!" says the sergeant

Whereupon, he plugs into the switchboard, and gives the police garage the details. Minutes later, the police ambulance screeches to a stop, and two policemen expertly lift her onto a stretcher. They know exactly how to handle cases of possible skull fracture to prevent permanent injury.

At the precinct desk, a sergeant is writing notes in the arrest book. The door opens and a patrolman enters, holding an old woman by the arm. The woman seems to be suffering from shock. She stares about her without actually seeing.

"Looks like an amnesia case, sergeant!" says the patrolman.

The desk sergeant nods, flips over the pages of a black record book at his side

"She answers the description of a case called in at 101" he says, and gives Sgt. Connors a significant glance. Connors plugs in, whispers a few words into the phone.

Moments later, a kindly matron comes in.

"Hello, mama," she greets the bewildered old woman. The woman stares at the matron for a brief moment, then smiles. She has confidence in this smiling woman whose arm is gently about her, leading her off.

Why not? The matron has learned to quiet the troubled minds of such people while awaiting the arrival of relatives.

The precinct door is almost thrown open this time, and the hush of the precinct is blasted by the anguished screams of a lovely eight-year-old child.

"Lost," is the laconic report of the patrolman who has his hands full trying to keep a grip on the struggling youngster.

The expression on the face of the desk sergeant doesn't change—so that you'd notice it. But very likely his thoughts are reverting to his own little girl, safe at home. The little lost lady is soon propped on his knees, her eyes round and wide at the sight of an array of candies, ice cream, and popcorn.

Funny place for goodies to be displayed, on the shiny top of a desk sergeant's work table.

But to the sergeant, this case is just as important as any other that comes before his attention. And maybe a little bit more important than the rest. What's more, he is as capable of handling this case as he is with hardened criminals who stand before his desk, smirking up at him, and defying him and the authority for which he stands.

The fact is, the precinct resounds once again to the protesting screams of the little girl. This happens when the child's mother arrives to fetch her home. But the young miss doesn't want to go home now—for she has fallen head over heels in love with the tough desk sergeant.

This is a precinct. Very rarely does anything big happen in it. Few overpowering, dramatic scenes. At any rate, that's how the policeman feels about it. To him, the parade of hold-up men, second-story cats, confidence sharps is all in the routine. The precinct is his workroom. But what a job he's doing!

—Jack E. Miller



SUPERMAN

A DATE  
WITH  
JUDY

BOB  
HOPE

MARTIN  
AND  
LEWIS

BATMAN

MR.  
DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY

BINKY

PETER  
PORKCHOPS

REAL  
SCREEN

OUR  
ARMY  
at WAR

REX

BIG  
TOWN

WESTERN  
COMICS

FOX  
AND  
CROW

MYSTERY  
IN  
SPACE

WORLD'S  
FINEST

HERE'S  
HOWIE

TOMAHAWK

GANG  
BUSTERS

BUZZY

# The LINE OF STARS



—AND THIS SYMBOL  
ON THE COVER OF  
**ANY** COMICS  
MAGAZINE  
IS **YOUR** GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN COMICS READING!



# POW-WOW SMITH

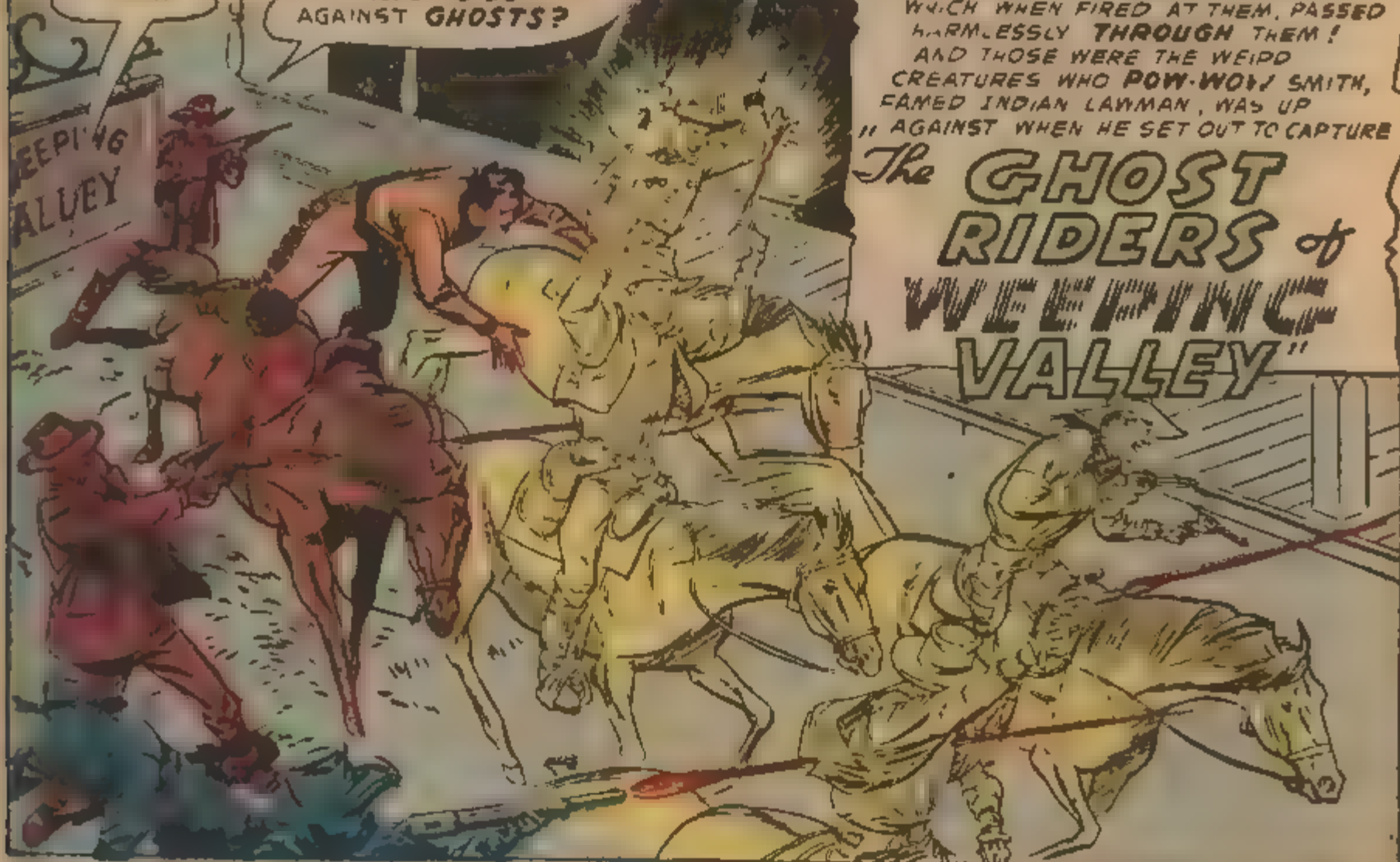
INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN

LOOK! THE BULLETS  
PASS RIGHT THROUGH  
THEM!

WHAT CAN  
**POW-WOW SMITH**  
HOPE TO DO  
AGAINST **GHOSTS**?

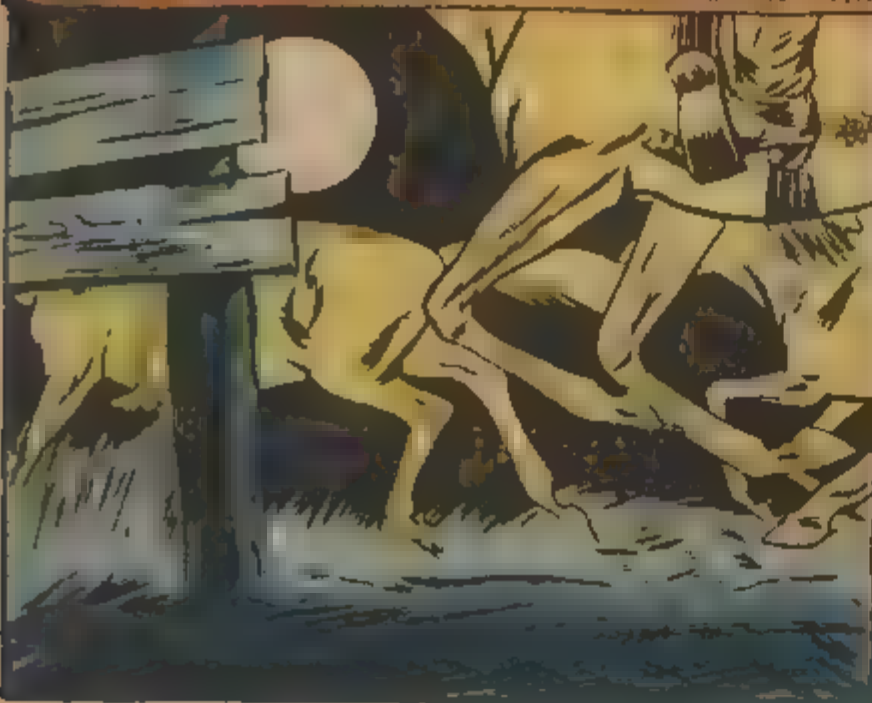
OUT OF THE NIGHT THEY CAME THE  
FERIE, MACABRE HORSEMEN, GALLOP-  
ING THROUGH SHADOWY STREETS, DEFY-  
ING ARROWS AND BULLETS ALIKE...  
WHICH WHEN FIRED AT THEM, PASSED  
HARMLESSLY THROUGH THEM!  
AND THOSE WERE THE WEIRD  
CREATURES WHO **POW-WOW SMITH**,  
FAMED INDIAN LAWMAN, WAS UP  
AGAINST WHEN HE SET OUT TO CAPTURE

*The* **GHOST  
RIDERS of  
WEeping  
VALLEY**



HOOFBEATS DRUM ALONG A BACK TRAIL LEADING  
TO A SMALL WESTERN VILLAGE, LOCATED IN  
WHAT IS KNOWN, BECAUSE OF NUMEROUS AND  
LITTLE KNOWN REASONS... AS **WEeping VALLEY**...

THE VILLAGE SLUMBERS PEACEFULLY...UNAWARE  
OF THE PALE-YELLOW, MACABRE RIDERS WHO  
RACE THROUGH THE STREETS...





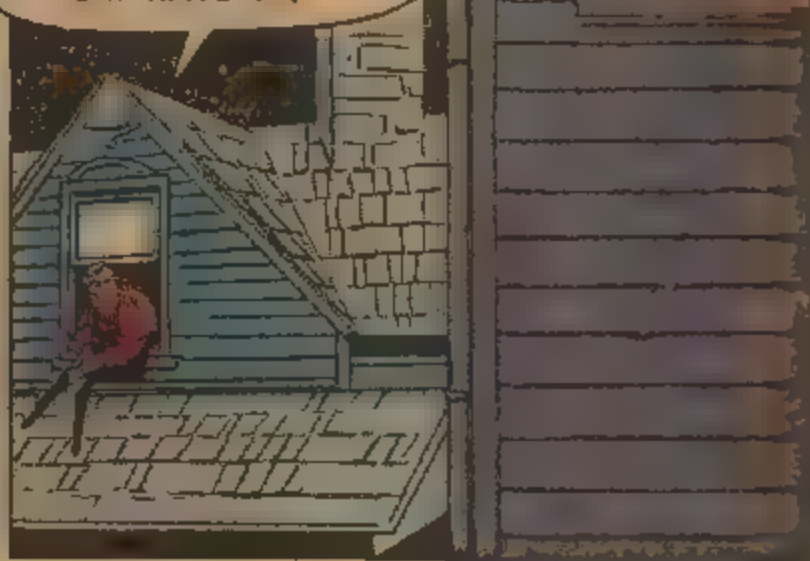
MINUTES LATER.

THOUGHT I HEARD HORSEMEN GALLOPING INTO TOWN! WONDER WHO... HEY! THEY'RE COMIN' OUT O' THE BANK!



OTHER WINDOWS FLY OPEN MENACING RIFLES POKE THROUGH

THIS TOWN'S DEATH ON BANK ROBBERS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BUT AS A DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD RAINS DOWN ON THE HORSEMEN...

I AIN'T NEVER SEEN BANK ROBBERS LIKE THEM GUYS! LOOK... THE SHOOTIN' DON'T HARM 'EM NONE! THE BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH 'EM!



UNSCATHED BY THE BLISTERING, WELL-AIMED VOLLEY, THE STRANGE RIDERS GALLOP TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE ..VANISHING IN THE DARKNESS BEYOND!

I TELL YUH, THEY WAS GHOSTS! REAL, TRUE GHOSTS!

GHOSTS? BAH! SINCE WHEN DO GHOSTS ROB BANKS?



YEAH... BUT SINCE WHEN DO BULLETS PASS THROUGH ORDINARY BANK ROBBERS. WITHOUT HARMIN' 'EM? GOT AN ANSWER FOR THAT, LUKE?

NO..NO, I AIN'T! COME TO THINK OF IT... IF BULLETS PASSED RIGHT THROUGH 'EM, WHAT COULD THEY BE. 'CEPT GHOSTS?

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AT A RAILROAD DEPOT IN ANOTHER TOWN.

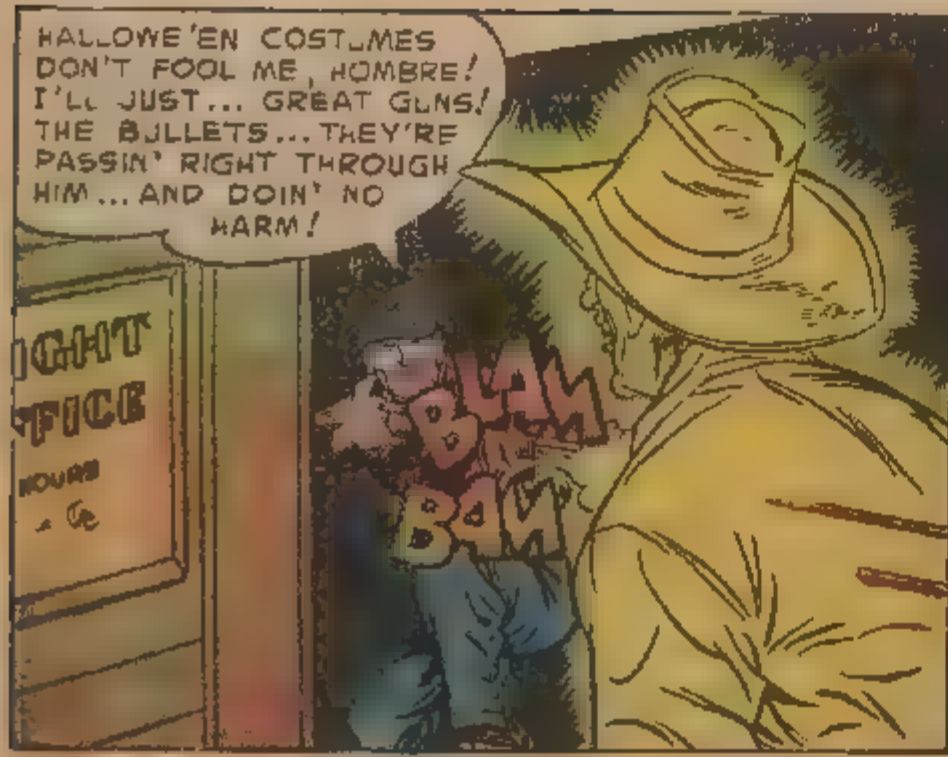
ALL THROUGH FOR THE NIGHT... MONEY'S ALL COUNTED, PUT IN THE SAFE, AND ..



HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS? I'LL BLAST THE FIRST GUY THAT... YIKE! WHO'S THAT?







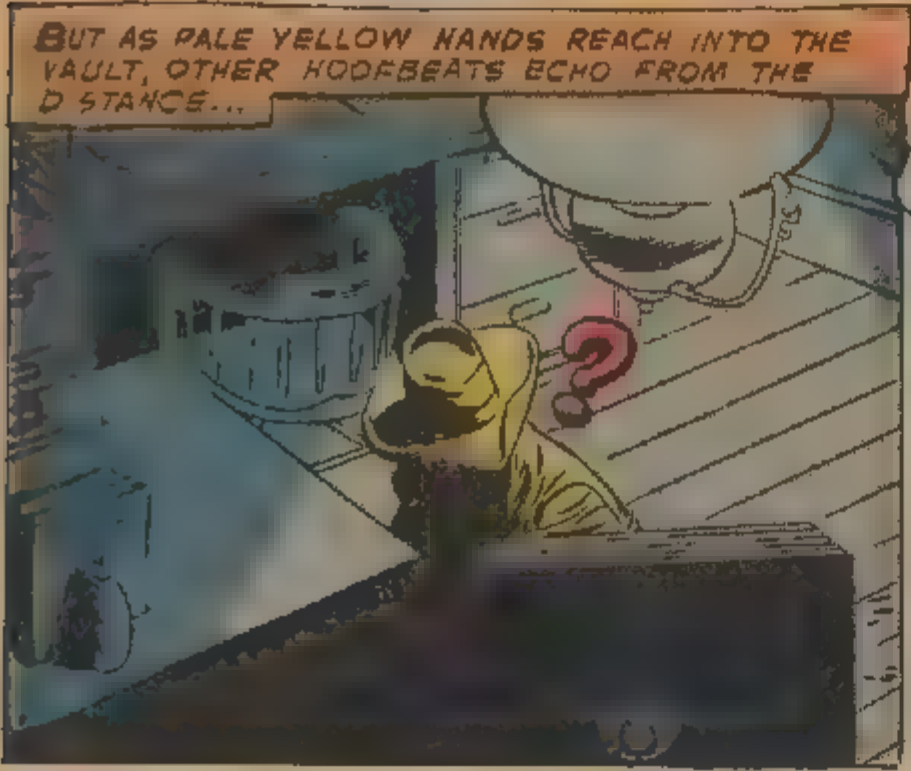
HALLOWE'EN COSTUMES DON'T FOOL ME, HOMBRE! I'LL JUST... GREAT GUNS! THE BULLETS... THEY'RE PASSIN' RIGHT THROUGH HIM... AND DOIN' NO HARM!



NEXT INSTANT...

MY LEG...

UNH!



BUT AS PALE YELLOW HANDS REACH INTO THE VAULT, OTHER HOOFBEATS ECHO FROM THE DISTANCE...



FOR A LONE HORSEMAN, HAVING HEARD THE SHOTS, GALLOPS TOWARD THE DEPOT... AND UNBELIEVING EYES SEE...

GHOSTLY FIGURES! WHAT IN THE WORLD...?



THE FAMED SIOUX DEPUTY SHERIFF, POW-WOW SMITH, STARTS TO PURSUE THE TERRIFYING HORSEMEN... BUT

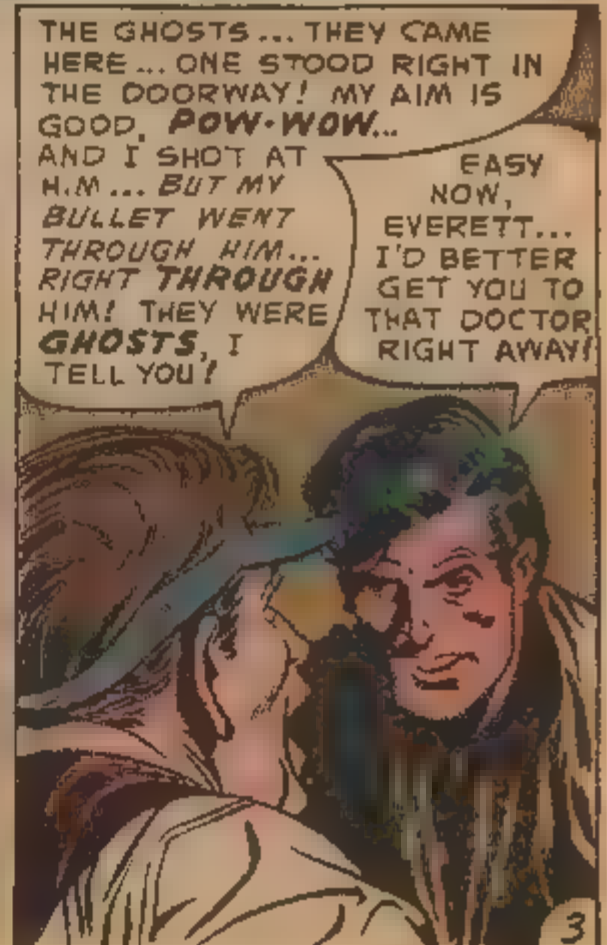
CAN'T GO AFTER THEM NOW. SOMEONE'S INSIDE. HURT!



MOMENTS LATER...

POW-WOW... MY LEG'S HURT BAD!

YES... I'LL HAVE TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR. WHAT HAPPENED?



THE GHOSTS... THEY CAME HERE... ONE STOOD RIGHT IN THE DOORWAY! MY AIM IS GOOD, POW-WOW... AND I SHOT AT H.M... BUT MY BULLET WENT THROUGH HIM... RIGHT THROUGH HIM! THEY WERE GHOSTS, I TELL YOU!

EASY NOW, EVERETT... I'D BETTER GET YOU TO THAT DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY!



LATER, IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

NO, **POW-WOW**... EVERETT'S MIND IS **NOT** AFFECTED! YOU'VE JUST ARRIVED IN **WEeping VALLEY**... YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE **GHOST RIDERS** YET! THEY'RE REAL, ALL RIGHT...VERY REAL!

DOCTOR! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT **YOU** BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

I'M A MAN OF MEDICINE, **POW-WOW**... I, MORE THAN ANY OTHER, AM ASTOUNDED WHEN I SEE BULLETS PASS THROUGH A "**MAN**"... AND DO NO PHYSICAL HARM! PERHAPS **YOU** CAN EXPLAIN IT!

I CERTAINLY HOPE TO EXPLAIN IT, DOCTOR... AND SOON, TOO!



THUS, IN THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW, THE SIOUX DEPUTY RIDES WATCH ON THE LONELY BACK TRAILS OF **WEeping VALLEY**. FINALLY, ON ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT...

GUNSHOTS!

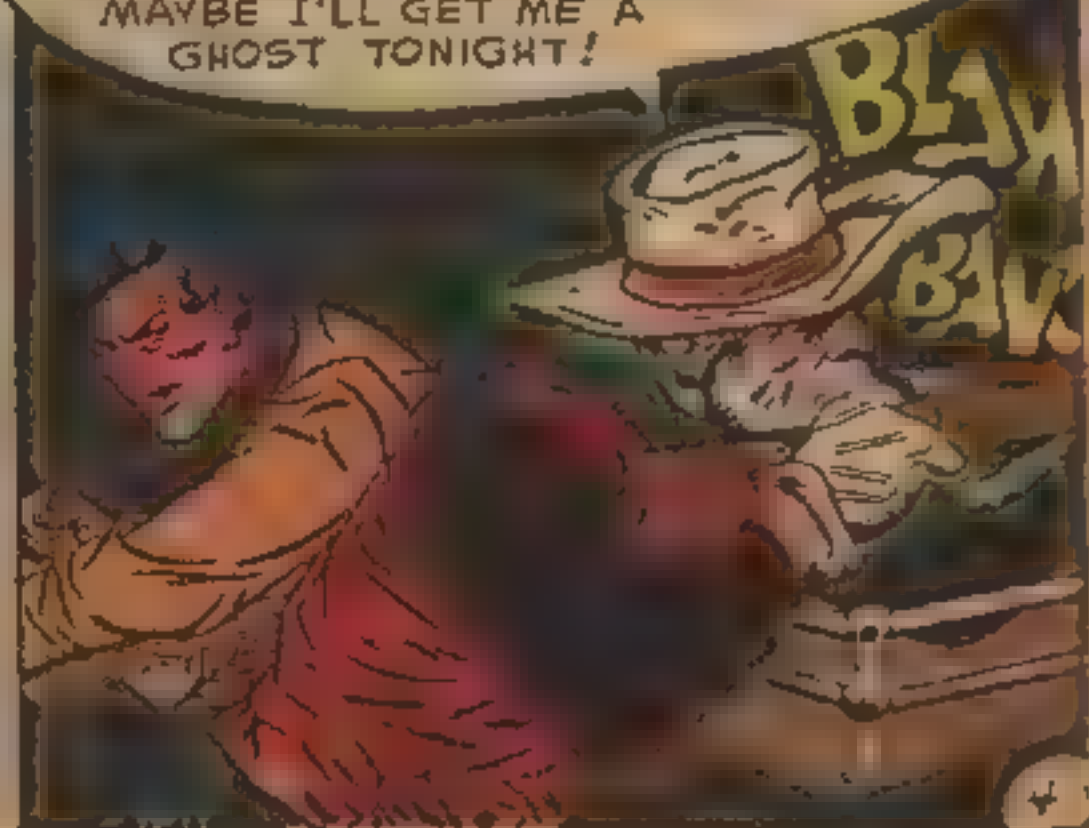


THE "**GHOSTS**"... CHASING AN EXPRESS COACH!



**POW-WOW** SMITH! HOOK ON, BOY! COMPANY REGGLATIONS SAY NO HITCH-HIKERS... BJT **YOU'RE** A WELCOME SIGHT!

MY GLARD, DAVE JOHNSON, WAS PICKED OFF ABOUT A MILE BACK! DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG! CAN'T SHOOT AN' DRIVE AT THE SAME TIME... BUT NOW... **WOWIE!** MAYBE I'LL GET ME A GHOST TONIGHT!





THE GHOSTS MUST'VE HEARD I WAS CARRYIN' A GOLD HALL TONIGHT... THEY EVEN USED ONE O' THEM SPOOKY CARRIAGES TO CHASE ME! GLESS THEY FIGURED THEY COULDN'T CARRY TRUNKS ON HORSEBACK! HEY... THEY'RE TURNIN' OFF... HEADIN' FOR THE WOODS!



GUESS THEY DON'T LIKE IT WHEN YOU RETURN A LITTLE SHOOTIN', EH?

YOU'RE A FOOL! BULLETS DON'T HURT THEM!

I WAS IN JAGE CITY WHEN THEY

ROBBED A TRADING POST! 100 SHOTS HIT 'EM... BUT NOT ONE OF 'EM FELL!

PERSONALLY, AFTER WORKIN' ON THIS JOB FOR 20 YEARS, I'VE SEEN ALL SORT O' TRICKERY USED TO ROB COACHES! YUH KNOW, POW-WOW... I GOT AN IDEA THIS IS STILL A TRICK!

AND I AGREE WITH YOU! I'LL GO BACK AND PICK UP THEIR CARRIAGE TRAIL!

BUT UPON EXAMINING THE PATH TAKEN BY THE GHOST COACH...

SEE? THEY LEFT NO TRACKS! THE TRAIL IS ABSOLUTELY CLEAN, BECAUSE GHOSTS DON'T LEAVE TRACKS. POW-WOW!



THE TRAIL WAS CLEAN... YES... TOO CLEAN!

OKAY... SO LONG, POW-WOW! THANKS FOR SHOWIN' UP, AND... AND...

ER... YOU'D BETTER GET ON INTO TOWN, HANK... I'LL HANDLE THIS ALONE!

WELL, GOOD LUCK, SON!

AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE LAST RATTLINGS OF THE EXPRESS COACH FADE IN THE DISTANCE...

YES... THE TRAIL BEHIND THE "GHOST" COACH IS TOO CLEAN! FIRST, I'LL WIPE AWAY THE TOP LAYER OF DUST...



AH... I WAS RIGHT! THE WHEELS OF THE GHOST COACH DID LEAVE A TRACK! ALSO, THE PEBBLES HAVE BEEN CHIPPED BY THE IRON SHOES OF THE GHOST HORSES!





MOST LIKELY AN **ORDINARY BUSH**, DRAGGED BEHIND THEM, WIPE THEIR PATH CLEAN! AND WHY DIDN'T THEY KEEP UP THE CHASE AFTER THE EXPRESS COACH?... **HANK'S RIFLE FIRE... THAT'S WHY!**



YET, IF BULLETS HAVE BEEN SEEN TO PASS THROUGH THEM, WHY DID **HANK'S** FIRE DRIVE THEM OFF? I BELIEVE I KNOW WHY... AND I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWERS TO THE "GHOST" CRIMES!



**NEXT DAY, POW-WOW MAKES CAREFUL PLANS WITH HIS TRIBESMEN OF RED DEER VALLEY...**

WE'LL STATION SENTRIES OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE! SINCE THE "GHOSTS" STRIKE ONLY AT NIGHT, WE'LL HAVE TO USE JUST THE OPPOSITE OF SMOKE SIGNALS... **FLAMING ARROWS**, SHOT INTO THE SKY BY THE FIRST SENTRY WHO SEES THEM!

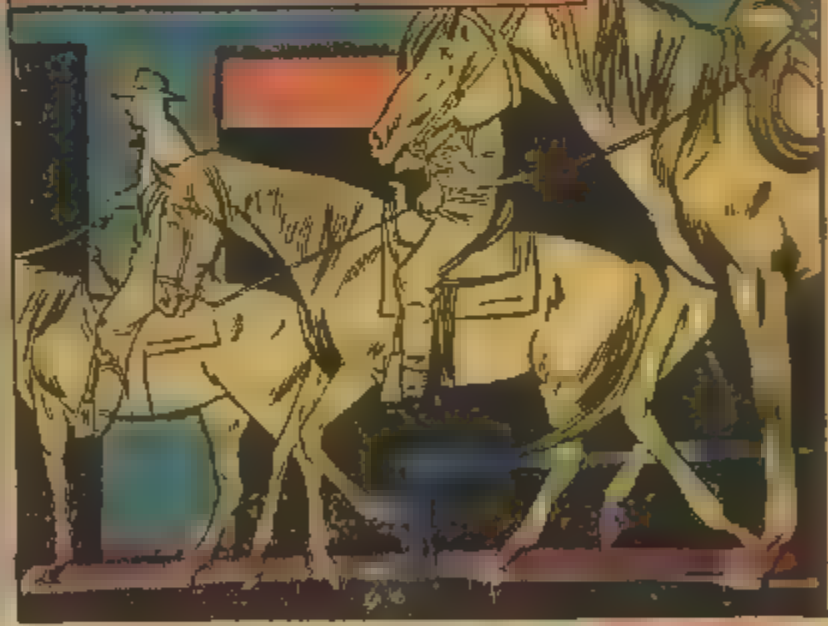
IT'S A WELL-LAID PLAN, O BROTHER! WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT!



AND THAT NIGHT, AT VARIOUS POINTS IN **WEEPING VALLEY**, SHARP-EYED SENTRIES STAND LONELY VIGIL...



SUDDENLY, ALONG THE DARK STREETS OF A SMALL TOWN, APPEARS A NOW-FAMILIAR GROUP OF GHOSTLY FIGURES...

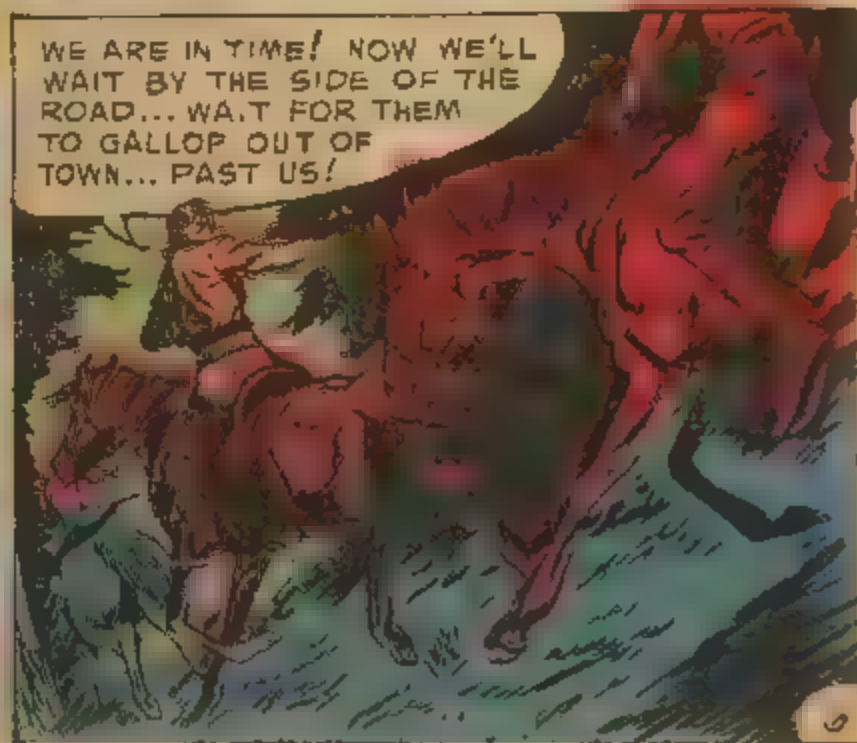


BUT IMMEDIATELY, FROM A HEIGHT NOT TOO FAR DISTANT, A FIERY ARROW STREAKS SKYWARD... AND THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER!

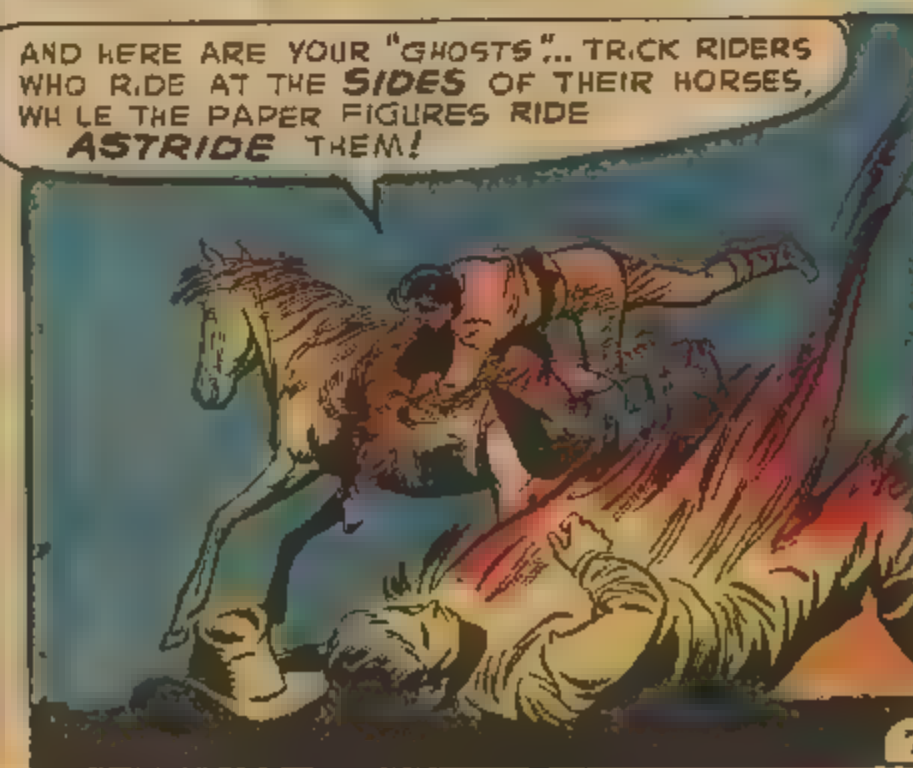
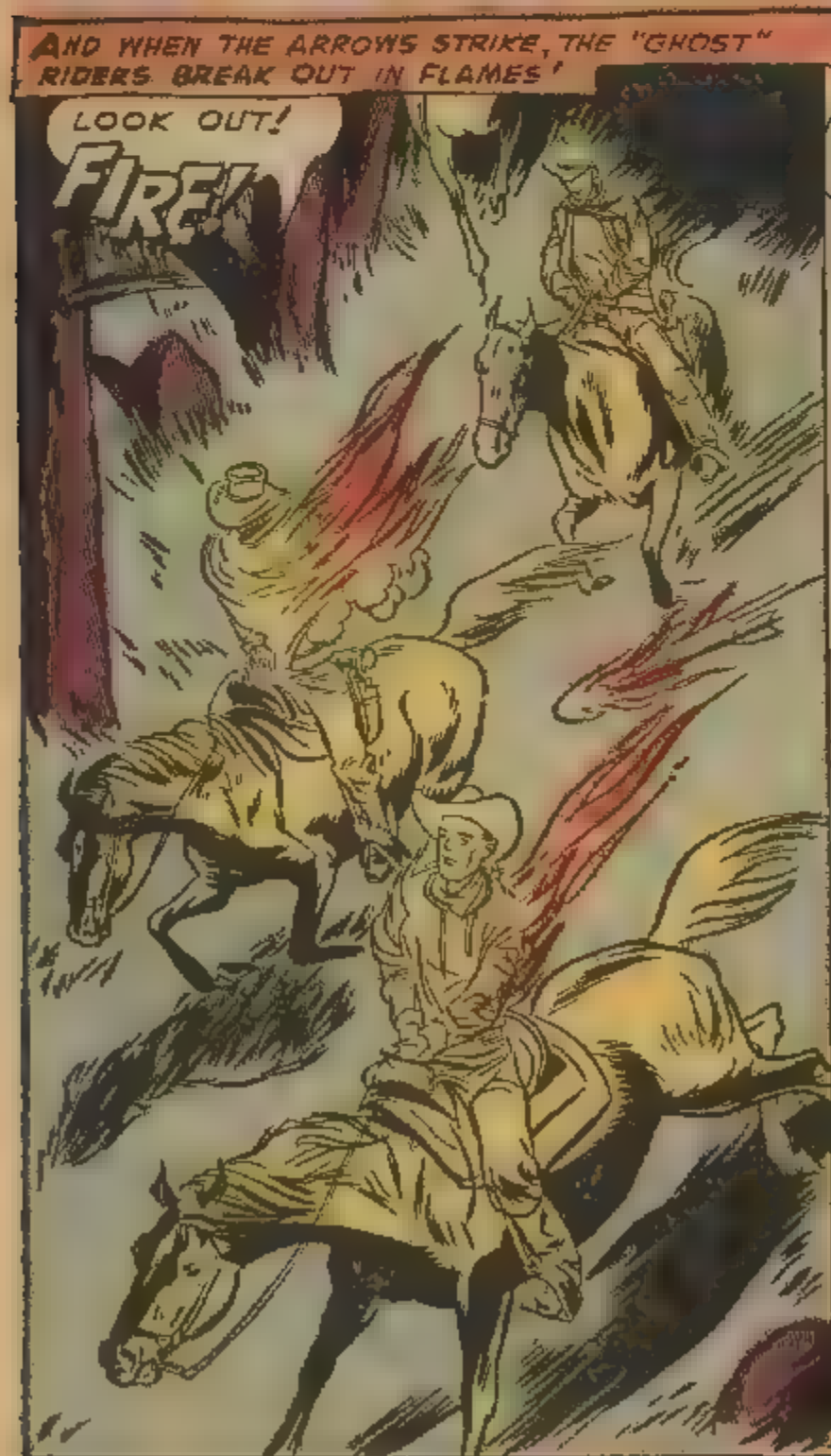
THERE! SEE? THE GHOST RIDERS HAVE STRUCK! COME ON!



WE ARE IN TIME! NOW WE'LL WAIT BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD... WAIT FOR THEM TO GALLOP OUT OF TOWN... PAST US!











AND WHEN **POW-WOW** EXPLAINS THE OUTLAWS' CUNNING SCHEME...

THERE... WIRE FRAMES... WITH PAPER WRAPPED AROUND THEM... LIGHT ENOUGH TO BE CARRIED EASILY BY THE HORSES, WHILE THE CROOKS RODE ON THE SIDE! IT WAS CLEVERLY DONE... SO THAT THE DUMMIES LOOKED LIKE "GHOSTS" IN THE DARK!



LATER IN TOWN...

STILL, THE ONE THING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS WHY THEY RAN AWAY FROM US WHEN THEY WERE AFTER THE EXPRESS COACH, **POW-WOW!**

BECAUSE, HANK, THEY WERE FLESH-AND-BLOOD CROOKS THEN, AND BULLETS WOULD'VE HURT THEM! THEY DRESSED THEMSELVES TO LOOK LIKE THEIR DUMMY COSTUMES WHEN THEY PULLED A JOB.. AND AFTER THE CRIME, THEY'D MOUNT THE DUMMIES ASTRIDE THE HORSES... SO THAT ONLY THE **DUMMIES** WERE SHOT AT!



AT TIMES, AS IN THE EXPRESS OFFICE, THEY'D FRIGHTEN PEOPLE BY SHOWING A DUMMY... LIKE THIS... AND WHEN THE DUMMY WAS FIRED ON, THE CROOK HIDING BEHIND WOULD FIRE BACK!



AND THE "GHOST" HORSES WERE **DYED** YELLOW! SEE? THE DYE IS WASHING OFF!

OF COURSE! YOU'RE NOT A "GHOST" HORSE, ARE YOU, BOY? JUST A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED HAY-BURNER!





# YES PAL! IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can Become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN Like We Did!

**WE WERE SKINNY WRECKS Like YOU!**

**BEFORE**

We Mailed Coupon

**YOU TOO CAN BECOME An AMAZING NEW HE-MAN**

If You Mail Coupon NOW

**AFTER**

We Mailed Coupon  
**IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!**

Mail Coupon Below

## Hi SKINNY

—they used to say before I took the Jowett Course. I was run down, anemic, ashamed in a bathing suit. Now I have added 30 lbs. of steel-strong muscle—6" to my arms—10" to my chest. Jowett has given me a new body that is the envy of the neighborhood.

SICKLY CRIMM BEFORE



*Ken Grimm*  
Chicago, Ill.



KEN GRIMM AFTER

Full of Pep and Power

## I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be me in a matter of weeks through Jowett training. You can win a BIG SILVER TROPHY as I did. I went from SKINNY, puny 90 lbs. to this All-American HE-MAN. NOW it looks like I'll make the football team just like you can too.

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb. Skeleton



GLEASON R. CLEVELAND AFTER



160-lb. He-Man Athletic, Popular, Self-A Success with Men and Girls!

## In 10 Minutes of Fun A Day I Changed From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN

I gained 49 lbs.—added 7" to my chest—3" to each arm. WITH ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity. Mail the ALL-FREE Coupon below as I did.

JACKSON BEFORE



*Jobie Jackson*  
Arkansas



JOBIE JACKSON AFTER

90 Days!

**COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU CAN WIN \$100**

AND A BIG 15" tall SILVER CUP!

Let me make YOU an ALL-AROUND

**HE-MAN**

as I made these former SKINNY and FLABBY WEAKLINGS

IN which of the above groups does YOUR BODY belong? The 3 scrawny and flabby fellows on the top are the SAME fellows as the 3 HUSKIES on the bottom! YOUR PHOTO can soon belong to the HE-MAN GROUP...

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and tired as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN were of being SKINNY or FLABBY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like these champs did Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did SO



ROBERT J. JOWETT  
"Champion of Champions"  
A Man's World  
Farther than Everest



**LAST CHANCE — ALL FREE COUPON!**

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN  
2. MUSCLE METER 3. FIVE COURSES

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greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN  
—E. F. Kellay  
Physical  
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

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You can help get that beautiful Daisy! First, mail coupon for new 40-page Daisy Booklet. Second, tear off this page—give to Dad—ask him to please read it. Third, tell him you want to join—or start—a junior air rifle club so you can learn safe, proper shooting. Daisy's new booklet shows any junior, adult or organization exactly how to start a club or to add air rifle shooting to any group's junior program. Hurry—send coupon—tear out ad and show it to Dad after supper tonight!



Members from 4 of the 8 Civilian Junior Air Rifle Clubs (Hagerstown, Md.) in tournament shoot. FUN!

See These Daisys At Your Store Now! Ask Dad To "Please" Buy You A Daisy!

**No. III DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE**  
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Complete, proven "how to do it" program. Also detailed forms on by-laws, membership application blank, parent's information sheet, member's cards, safe shooting instructions, targets, Marksmanship Awards, etc.  
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